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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

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THE "CHIMNEY" OF THE NORTH-WEST RING OF THE MATTERHORN.

THE MATTERHORN.

RECENTLY we picked up a book of travels containing some very graphic descriptions. The most striking paragraph was something like this: "One of our party, through a field-glass, saw a number of little black specks, like so many ants, creeping slowly up the side of a distant peak. Suddenly, an innocent-looking mass of white, like

a tiny handkerchief, fell down from above, and covered the little black specks from view—and the valley from which the travelers had set out, knew them no more."

In a slightly different form, this story is repeated almost every year. Numbers set out with the determination to risk life and limb, in climbing some height, merely to have it to say that they've done it. And we presume it will long be so—



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while human nature can be so fool-hardy as it can at present.

They've done it, though! That is, one after another, every peak in the Alps has been ascended, though several of the highest have held out invincible until lately. Alpine clubs and adventurous individuals have conquered, though many precious lives have been sacrificed to a bubble; though of countless bodies it may be said that no man knoweth their sepulchre unto this day; and though the world goes on, unconscious of being made any better by this endeavor.



THE COL DU LION.

The Matterhorn, the highest mountain in the Alps, was the last to be scaled. It is nearly fifteen thousand feet high, and rises abruptly by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys (many of whom still believe it to be not only the highest mountain in the Alps, but in the world), spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed they gravely shook their heads, told you to look yourself to see the castles and the

walls, and warned one against a rash approach, lest the infuriated demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's decision. Stronger minds felt the influence of the wonderful form, and men who ordinarily spoke or wrote like rational beings, when they came under its power seemed to quit their senses, and ranted and rhapsodized, losing for a time all common forms of speech. The Matterhorn remained so long unascended, less on account of the difficulty of doing so, than from the terror inspired by its invincible appearance. There seemed to be

a cordon around it, up to which one might go, but no farther.

The Matterhorn looks equally imposing from whatever side it is seen; it never seems common-place, and in this respect, and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands alone amongst mountains. It has no rivals in the Alps, and but few in the world.

The seven or eight thousand feet which compose the actual peak have several well-marked ridges and numerous others. The most continuous is that which leads toward the north-east; the summit is at its higher, and the little peak called the Hörnli, at its lower, end. Another one that is well pronounced, descends from the summit to the ridge called Furgen Grat. The slope of the mountain, that is between the two ridges, will be referred to as the eastern face. A third, somewhat less continuous than the others, descends in a south-westerly direction, and the portion of the mountain that is seen from Breuil is confined to

that which is comprised between this and the second ridge. This section is not composed, like that between the first and second ridge, of one grand face, but it is broken up into a series of huge precipices, spotted with snow-slopes and streaked with snow-gullies. The other half of the mountain, facing the Zmutt glacier, is not capable of equally simple definition. There are precipices apparent, but not actual; there are precipices absolutely perpendicular; there are precipices overhanging; there are glaciers and there are hanging glaciers; there are glaciers which

tumble great *sarcs* over greater cliffs, whose debris, subsequently consolidated, becomes glacier again; there are ridges split by the frost, and washed by the rain and melted snow into towers and spires; while everywhere there are ceaseless sounds of action, telling that the causes are still in operation which have been at work since the world began, reducing the mighty mass to atoms, and effecting its degradation.

Most tourists obtain their first view of the mountain either from the valley of Zermatt or from that of Tournanche. From the former direction the base of the mountain is seen at its narrowest, and its ridges and faces seem of prodigious steepness. The tourist toils up the valley, looking frequently for the great sight which is to reward his pains, without seeing it (for the mountain is first perceived in that direction about a mile to the north of Zermatt), when, all at once, as he turns a rocky corner of the path, it comes into view, not, however, where it is expected; the face has to be raised up to look at it—it seems overhead. Although this is the impression, the fact is that the summit of the Matterhorn from this point makes an angle with the eye of less than sixteen degrees. So little can dependence be placed upon unaided vision.

The view of the mountain from Breuil, in the Val Tournanche, is not less striking than that on the other side, but usually it makes less impression, because the spectator grows accustomed to the sight while coming up or down the valley. From this direction the mountain is seen to be broken up into a series of pyramidal, wedge-shaped masses; on the other side it is remarkable for the large, unbroken extent of cliffs that it presents, and for the simplicity of its outline. It was natural to suppose that a way would more readily be found to the summit on a side thus broken up than in any other direction. The eastern face, fronting Zermatt, seemed one smooth, impossible cliff, from summit to base; the ghastly precipices which face the Z'Mutt glacier forbade any attempt in that direction. There remained only the side of Val Tournanche, and it will be found that nearly all the earliest attempts to ascend the mountain were made on that side.

The first efforts to climb the Matterhorn were made in the years 1858 and 1859, by the guides of the Val Tournanche, from the direction of Breuil, and the highest point attained was the place now called the "Chimney," at an elevation of twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The next attempt was made in 1860, by Messrs. Parker, of Liverpool, by the eastern face. They reached an elevation of about twelve thousand feet, and were then obliged to give up their undertaking on account of unfavorable weather. The third, was made in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins and Professor Tyndall, the fourth, in 1861, by the Messrs. Parker

for the second time. The fifth, in August, 1861, was made by Mr. Edward Whymper, the gentleman who finally reached the summit for the first time, and gave to the world a published account of it. But not before he had tried eight times did he succeed, the same causes conspiring against him as the others—bad weather, lack of time, scarcity of companions and difficulties with guides. Not until July, 1864, did he at last stand upon the summit of the famous mountain, but he bought his success, as the sequel will show, at a terrible price. The cost of such a feat is seldom made up for by the fleeting gratification.

In common with most of the explorers, Mr. Whymper made his earlier attempts upon the south-western side, the one facing Breuil, in the Val Tournanche. In the first of these endeavors, he and his guide passed the night among the cow-herds in their sheds, on the highest slopes of the valley, not far from the base of the Glacier du Lion. At seven o'clock, they made a start and soon reached the glacier, treading over the hard beds of old snow, until crevasses became so frequent and large as to interfere with their progress. Thence they turned to the rocks of the Tête du Lion, which overlooks the glacier on the west. Some scrambling brought them to a great natural staircase, up which it was comparatively easy to climb, and soon they reached the hard, narrow, icy ridge of the Col du Lion. Here they decided to spend the night, but, as the illustration shows, it is a dangerous place. On one side a sheer wall overhangs the Tiefenmatten glacier, on the other, steep, glassy slopes of hard snow descend to the Glacier du Lion. Throw a bottle down, the Tiefenmatten—no sound returns for more than a dozen seconds.

"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

On the north rise the great cliffs of the Matterhorn, on the south the overhanging ledges of the Tête du Lion.

The night spent upon the Col was so cold that water froze under their heads. About midnight there came from on high a tremendous explosion, followed by a second of dead quiet. A great mass of rock had split off and was rapidly descending toward them. On it came, mass after mass, pouring over precipices, bounding and rebounding from cliff to cliff, the great rocks in advance smiting one another. Fragments from time to time dropped upon the tourist and his guide, and added to their alarm. The bulk of the rock-shower, however, was probably distant. In addition to precipices and pitfalls, cold and storms, these avalanches of snow, of ice or of stones, are among the most terrific dangers of mountaineering.

At daybreak, Mr. Whymper and his guide commenced the ascent of the south-west ridge. This

part of the climbing he considered the easiest, and he describes it as follows: "The rocks were fast and unencumbered with débris, the cracks were good, although not numerous, and there was nothing to fear except from one's self. So," he continues, "we thought, at least, and shouted to

Tête du Lion, and nothing except the Dent d'Herens, whose summit is still a thousand feet above us, stands in the way; the ranges of the Graian Alps, an ocean of mountains, are seen at a glance, governed by their three great peaks, the Grivola, Grand Paradis and Tour de St. Pierre-



A PERILOUS DESCENT.

awake echoes from the cliffs. Ah! there is no response. Not yet; wait awhile—everything here is upon a superlative scale; count a dozen, and then the echoes will return from the walls of the Dent d' Herens, miles away, in waves of pure and undefiled sound, soft, musical and sweet. Halt a moment to regard the view! We overlook the

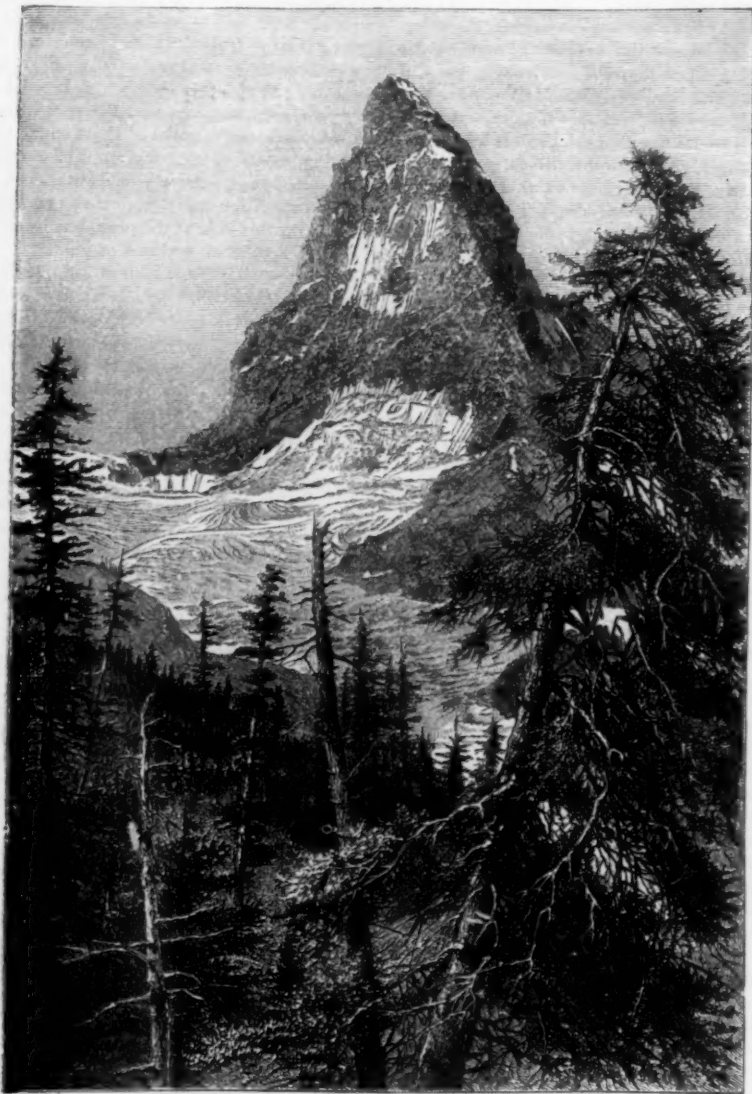
How soft, and yet how sharp, they look in the early morning! The midday mists have not begun to rise—nothing is obscured, even the pointed Viso, all but a hundred miles away, is perfectly defined.

"Turn to the east and watch the sun's slanting rays coming across the Monte Rosa snow-fields.

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Look at the shadowed parts and see how even they, radiant with reflected light, are more brilliant than man knows how to depict. See how, even there, the gentle undulations give shadows within shadows, and how, yet again, where falling

crevasse, and the waves of drifted snow, producing each minute more lights and fresh shadows, sparkling on the edges and glittering on the ends of the icicles, shining on the heights and illuminating the depths, until all is aglow and the



THE MATTERHORN FROM THE RIFFELBERG.

stones or ice have left a track, there are shadows upon shadows, each with a light and a dark side, with infinite gradations of matchless tenderness. Then note the sunlight as it steals noiselessly along and reveals countless unsuspected forms—the delicate ripple-lines which mark the concealed

dazzled eye returns for relief to the sombre crags."

In less than an hour after leaving the Col, they reached the "Chimney," formed of a smooth, straight slab of rock fixed at a considerable angle between two others equally smooth. Mr. Whym-

per got up it unassisted, but the guide refused to go any further. It was useless for one man to go on alone, so the expedition had to be abandoned.

In the years immediately succeeding, Mr. Whymper made seven more attempts. The first time he was accompanied by Mr. Macdonald and three guides; but a snow-storm arising, these last refused to continue the expedition, just as the party had reached the cliff overlooking the Col du Lion. The next day, Messrs. Whymper and Macdonald passed beyond the Chimney, but there one of the guides was taken ill, and it was necessary to carry him back to the village.

Again Mr. Whymper set out, this time *alone*. He reached a height more elevated than any one had ever attained, at a remarkable streak of snow, called the Cravate, running across the mountain at an altitude of thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea. Still, it seemed imprudent for him to aim for the summit of the mountain without a companion, and he proceeded to descend. On his downward way, he slipped over a precipice, and had a severe fall, barely escaping with his life. Soon after, with two guides, he again made an attempt, and passed beyond the Great Tower, which stands twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-two feet above the sea, four hundred and forty-two feet higher than the Chimney. Heavy mists arose at the time, and again the guides declined to go on. Still, Mr. Whymper did not despair, and the next day he started again with one man, upon whom he thought he could rely; but, though this time he made his highest point so far, he found difficulties insurmountable by two alone. The next time he took five guides, but was again defeated by heavy storms. Meanwhile, Professor Tyndall had been making attempts in the same direction; in the first of these, he reached a point elevated about thirteen thousand feet; in the second, thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy feet, or, as he says, *within a stone's throw of the summit*. Even when so great an authority as Tyndall had declared ascent to the top impossible, although he had been in sight of it, Whymper was not discouraged. But he had been thinking of a new route, namely, by the way of the eastern face, which appeared from below, one sheer, smooth, almost perpendicular cliff.

When one looks at the Matterhorn from Zermatt, the mountain is regarded (nearly) from the north-east. The face that fronts the east is consequently neither seen in profile nor in full front, but almost half way between the two; it looks, therefore, more steep than it really is. The majority of those who visit Zermatt go up to the Riffelberg, or to the Görnegrat, and from these places the mountain naturally looks still more precipitous, because its eastern face, which is almost all that is seen of it, is viewed more directly in front. Comparatively few persons correct the

erroneous impressions they receive by seeing the face from this point of view.

Mr. Whymper, however, noticed that there were places on this eastern face where snow remained permanently. Such beds as these, he argued, could not remain through summer unless the snow had been able to accumulate in the winter in large masses, which it could not do at an angle much exceeding forty-five degrees, or unless there were ledges upon which it could rest. He discovered, moreover, that the rock-strata on this side were the opposite of those on the other, retreating instead of overhanging. The mountain, indeed, looked repulsively smooth; still, his seventh expedition was terminated not by any difficulty on this side of the peak, but by the old troubles of storm and obstinacy of guides.

On the morning of the 13th of July, 1865, Mr. Whymper made his eighth and successful attempt. This time he had no lack of companions. He was accompanied by three Englishmen—Lord F. Douglas, Messrs. Hudson and Hadow—and three guides. The whole way upward was so easy that they proceeded quite leisurely, and were astonished to find that places which from Riffelburg looked entirely impracticable, were so far from it that they could run about. At a height of fourteen thousand feet, they arrived at a perpendicular cliff, and could no longer continue on the eastern side, and passed over to the northern side. Their chief difficulties now were the steepness of the way and the accumulations of ice. Still they had reached a point higher than had yet been made, so they had every encouragement to move on toward the summit. Besides, the faithful guides had organized an independent party, and Mr. Whymper and his friends had reason to fear that the others might outstrip them by the old route. But on the 15th of July, 1865, they reached the summit, and found the snow untrodden. They had conquered! The Matterhorn was won!

They soon had their flag flying, and then shouted to the other party, whom they could see like mere specks an immense distance below them. The company of guides, hearing the sounds, were struck with terror, and turned and fled, believing that the old traditions were true—there were spirits on the mountain. They reached the valley with a gloomy story to tell. Meanwhile, towns and cities for miles around had seen the standard on the top of the peak.

The view is described as being grand, with, however, the one drawback of being confused, on account of the multiplicity of objects and the immense distances. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds and vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off, looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier—were faultless. Not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden.

First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa, the Lyskanom and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and the St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the south appeared Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso, one hundred miles away, seemed very close; the Maritime Alps, one hundred and thirty miles distant, were free from haze. Then came the Pelvoux; the Ecrins and Meije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west,

After remaining so high for one hour, the party prepared to descend. Mr. Whymper was seated apart sketching, while the others were being roped together by the guides, he intending to join them in a moment or two. Then it was remembered that their names had not been placed in a bottle and left by the flag. This Mr. Whymper and one of the guides remained behind to do, while the others started on. As they were descending the difficult part, Lord Douglas, who immediately preceded the guide who went before Whymper, asked to be tied to these two last, as he was to those who went before him. Not long after, Mr. Hadow slipped and fell, overturning with him Croz, the guide who was assisting him. They, in



THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1865—NORTHERN END.

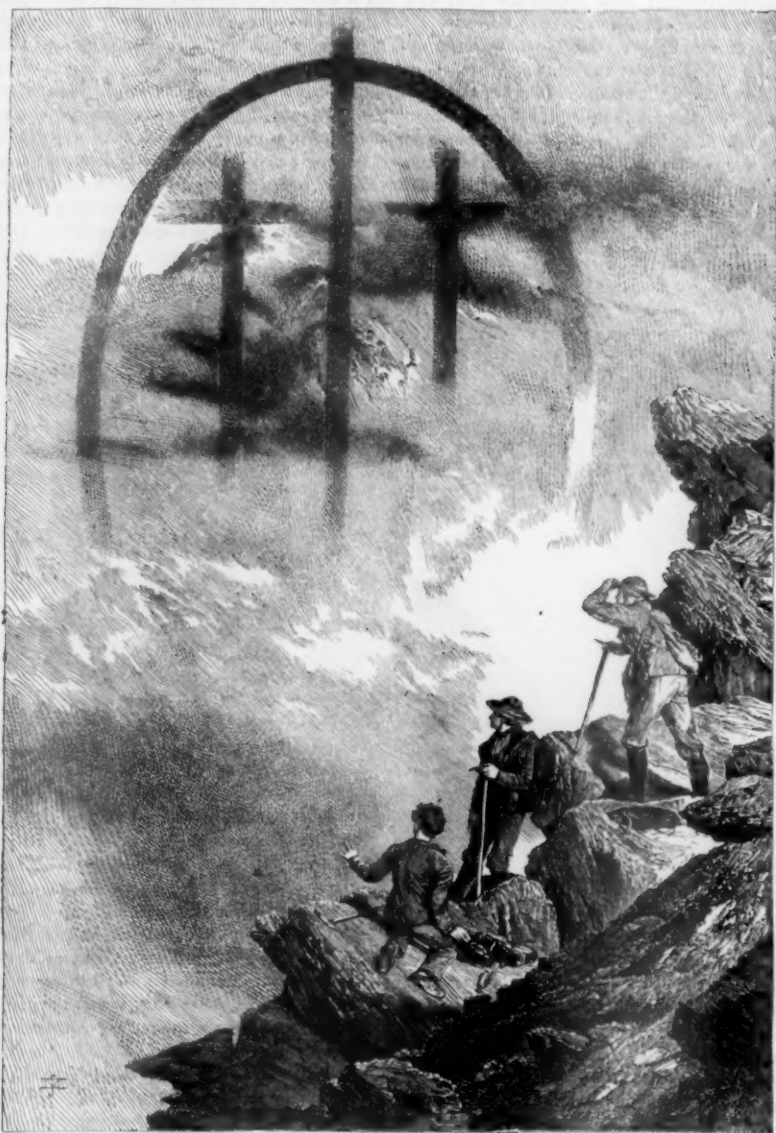
gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all—Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines; bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires. There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

turn, dislodged Mr. Hudson and Lord F. Douglas. All four shot forward, making frantic efforts to save themselves, when the rope between them and the guide and Mr. Whymper, who were alone, broke right off. After this, it was impossible to help the unfortunate men. They passed one by one over the precipice, and fell, a distance of four thousand feet, upon the Matterhorn glacier below. Such was the tragic ending of the day's efforts. Of a party of seven, there returned but three.

For half an hour these three were unable to move, the two guides trembling and crying like infants. At length, terrified at every step, they made some progress, slowly nearing the safer parts of the way. No traces of their unfortunate companions could be seen, and they continued their descent. Suddenly a mighty arch appeared, rising

above the Lyskamne high into the sky. Pale, colorless and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this unearthly apparition seemed like a vision

On the 19th of July, the bodies of Hudson and Hadow were recovered, and interred in the little churchyard at Zermatt. That of Croz was also found, and laid near them. But the remains of



FOG-BOW SEEN FROM THE MATTERHORN ON JULY 14TH, 1865.

from another world, and, almost appalled, they watched with amazement the gradual development of two vast crosses, one on either side. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, and, coming at such a moment, was impressive beyond description.

Lord Douglas have never been discovered, only a glove and a belt reached the surface of the glacier, the body probably having been arrested upon the rocks above.

Thus the Matterhorn, invincible for centuries,

was conquered at last. But it seemed to take terrible vengeance upon its captors for presuming to tread upon its sacred heights. The memory of its first ascent is a solemn and a tragic one. Yet it is not unlikely that we shall hear of more who have paid for empty glory with their lives. II.

ART MINISTRIES.

LEIGH HUNT tells us, "Beauty is nothing but the loveliest form of pleasure." In how many subtle, beautiful shapes, then, do the sister arts bring their embodiments of pleasure into our matter-of-fact, work-a-day world! How they multiply our enjoyments, refine and idealize our employments, investing life's prosiest details with a glamour of enchantment, smoothing rough places, softening hardness, filling dreary solitude with breathing shapes, giving speech to silence, and bringing soft harmony from the echoes of earth's harshest discords! In their God-appointed work they extend hands of greeting to all, gathering in their true embrace all who will accept their pleasant ministrations. In their hands, joy finds a purer expression, a deeper, broader range; sorrow, soothed by their sweet revelations, is scarcely sorrow, it grows to be a tearful luxury.

Like the blessings of sun, air and dews, their influence is wide-spread and universal. From the dainty connoisseur, whose artistic perceptions drink in life from the bits of canvas made immortal by the genius of a Rembrandt, a Titian or a Meissonier, whose ear catches with delight the rolling 'chords of a Mendelssohn or a Handel, and whose soul rises on the cadences of the grand word harmonies of a Milton, a Shakespeare or a Spenser, down to the sturdy washerwoman, who papers her shanty with gay pictorials, "because they do be so comfortable to look at," and who sees unearthly beauty in her flaring print of the virgin, each heart has its own ideal world, into which these gracious ministers of all that is fair are working their way unobtrusively, persuasively, asking no elaborate reception, no costly entertainment, only stipulating that the place be garnished and made a fit dwelling-place for the pure visitants!

When they have established their altars, what fragrant incense arises—what harmony and beauty wait upon their worship! Poesy calls up her rare imagery, rare shadows almost tangible and embodied; painting robes the fair forms in vestments gathered from the rich store-houses of earth, air and skies; music, Tygmalion-like, breathes into them a soul-life! Ah, existence is sweet under such influences!

O earth's tired ones, think! If life is vexatious, and you are over-weary of it; if real, tangible riches are gone, and your wealth all lies of necessity in the land of the "shadowy and the un-

known," then, like kind, ministering spirits to your tired soul, the sister arts come, with all their lovely, loving offices, speaking in winning tones to eye, ear and heart of a wealth, fabulous but imperishable, that may be yours only for the grace of acceptance; placing within your reach a sorcerer's wand that will for you annihilate time, place and circumstance, transmit all base metals into pure gold for your use. It will create for you from a few feet of canvas and a palette of colors, a pen with a drop of ink at the point, or a sweep of light fingers over the waiting strings of an instrument, a City of Refuge, a place fair and impregnable, its fair proportions shining in fancy's light, its chimes sounding in your ear a sweet melody, lulling your heart into a glad content, far beyond the reach of the disturbing sound of the rude jangling of earth's bells rung out of tune!

MRS. LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

SOMETIME.

CHILDHOOD'S dreams! those beautiful dreams—

Echoes of long ago;
Voiceless visitants, trooping in
With stately step and slow;
Heroes and lovers—the grand ideals
Pictured in innocent rhyme;
Castles so grand that stood in the land
Of sweet and charmed "Sometime."

Oh, the witching air of that land so fair!
E'en the veil of time scarce hides
Where hope's bright wing is hovering,
And the bliss we covet bides.
To-day may ring with tireless hand
Joy's purest, richest chime;
But, oh, we long for a grander song
In the realm of glad "Sometime."

Who that has lived, and loved, and fought
The battle of life with a will,
But can see by the way some landmark lay
Where hopes lie buried still?
With a sigh and tear o'er the lowly bier,
We hasten on to the shrine
Where every soul may its burden roll,
In the fairy land "Sometime."

But what are a few dark, weary days?
What matter our buried joys?
When we stand at last on the verge of time
They will seem like useless toys:
For hope still beckons and points beyond
To a glorious, golden clime;
Listening and longing, we seem to hear
The sweet refrain "Sometime."

EULA LEE.

A GIRL'S HERO.

I BELIEVE they christened her Daffodil—whether because she came in the month of daffodils, or because of the pale gold of her hair, I am not sure. But she had lost long ago the first petals of her flowery name, and was known only as Dilly—Dilly Day—or, if that was not sufficiently descriptive and explanatory, Deacon Day's pretty daughter. Not pretty after the type of novel heroines exactly, for the inventory of her charms would make no such glowing paragraph as the charms of novel heroines do.

A simple country girl, with pure, healthful complexion, clean, abundant hair, perfect teeth, sweet breath, features by no means faultless, but capable of expressing the varied emotions of her soul, and a form of medium height, not at all fairy or sylph-like, not at all stately or statuesque, but firm, plump, robust—in fact, a trifle inclined to stoutness, a quality which Dilly did not recollect ever to have seen set down in the catalogue of attractions belonging to her beloved heroines of story world, and therefore not quite pleasing to her artistic sense of grace and beauty, though her very liberal share of that other rarer sense, misnamed common sense, had not suffered her to resort to any desperate measures in the case, and nature ran her own sweet, willful way.

But if Dilly was not herself one of the superlatively beautiful and miraculously gifted creatures that dazzled her young imagination, she was perfectly assured that she should encounter her "fate"—fond word during the impressible age of sentiment—in one of those kingly heroes with princely patronymic that move so magnificently in the high-colored, thunder-charged atmosphere of romance, and she kept always a vague outlook for his coming, not at all staggered by the fact that she had never seen—no, nor met with one who had ever seen—anything in the image or likeness of such a being in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. He was very real to her; she lived much with him in thought, and never doubted that, by some subtle instinct of her heart, she should recognize him at the first instant of meeting. Tall, dark, with a lofty brow; deep, soul-thrilling eyes; a rare, sweet, melancholy smile beaming only for her; a somewhat haughty and dominant bearing in respect to others, but soft, yielding, gracious and tenderly protective toward herself. Ah, he was very clear to her inner sight. She should know him instantaneously, even as he would know her, in that blessed moment which, soon or late, must bring them face to face. And, I suppose, she never hailed the morning but with a thrill of wonder as to what the day might bring forth, and the vague expectancy of those who watch, not knowing at what hour the Master cometh. Her

lamp was always trimmed and burning, and she held herself in sweet readiness to greet the hastening bridegroom.

It was, then, with some brooding thought of his possible nearness, that, having concluded her simple duties in the deacon's well-ordered household, she set forth one balmy June evening for a quiet ramble through the golden-green fields shining in the soft, clear sunset, and sweet with the breath of clover and the vespers of rejoicing birds.

Very charming, indeed, looked she in her pale, pink cambric, with the daintiest of white ruffled aprons, her yellow fall of hair caught loosely in a silken net, her straw hat swung by its black ribbon from her arm, and in her plump, fair hand, which the saucy sun had lately dashed with two or three dainty beauty-spots, profanely called freckles, a tiny edition of some favored poet—Tennyson, perhaps, certainly not Watts.

She was thinking a little discontentedly, as she went out through the orchard bars into the broad, upland pasture, agileam with the gold of buttercups, that there was no chance in her prosaic life for the slightest adventure, no possibility of falling into any imminent danger from which her unseen here, in the very nick of time, might rush to rescue her after the manner of novel heroes.

But then—ah, then! An artist with sketch-book under his arm might suddenly cross her path! An author seeking recreation in balmy country ways might stroll meditatively near!

She paused to picture to herself the possible results of such a meeting, unheeding in her abstraction the heavy thud of quite other feet than those of which she was dreaming, until their close approach, and the sound of labored breathing, broke the spell of her reverie, and turning quickly about she saw coming toward her, at hot speed, a vicious cow, with rolling eyes and lowered horns, betokening unmistakably malicious intent.

You will please mark that it was only a cow. Heroines without number have aforetime been chased by mad bulls; but here was neither heroine nor bull.

With a feminine shriek of terror, Dilly bounded forward, her eyes fixed desperately on a distant stone wall, which seemed her only hope of salvation. But the sudden fright had deprived her of her usual vigorous strength, and like one in a nightmare she struggled in vain to reach the goal, her almost paralyzed limbs refusing to obey her will, and she had accomplished but a few paces when she sank panting to the ground; and overcome with horror as the animal's hot breath swept over her face, she, for the first time in her life, fainted dead away.

Her next conscious thought—which, indeed, was scarcely conscious—was, that she had just swam the river Styx, and struggled upon the

shore; that she heard upon the other side the dog Cerberus barking out of his three heads at a horrid, hundred-horned monster with distended, red eyeballs; and then that Aquarius had rushed up with his water-pot, and was deluging her with its contents, while she gasped and struggled for breath.

Presently this nether world chaos resolved itself into every-day elements, and Cerberus was Saul Browne's shepherd dog in full chase of her late pursuer, and Aquarius was Saul Browne himself in gray working-blouse, standing over her with his new straw hat dripping from its recent desperate plunge in a neighboring water-trough.

He was a cool-blooded fellow, in the main, this clear-eyed, bronze-cheeked, full-chested young Hercules; but he had never before chanced to have a fainting damsel on his hands, and he was not quite certain what he ought to do in the case, until the gurgle of the watercourse suggested an expedient, and hastily improvising a cup from his hat—though very like a sieve—he succeeded, by dint of perseverance, in accomplishing the desired result. At least he supposed that he had accomplished it, and no one could have deprived him of the pleasant delusion, when the resuscitated young lady sat up, and rubbing the water out of her azure eyes, looked about her with a bewildered air.

"Oh, that horrid brute!" she exclaimed, as a realizing sense of the situation broke upon her.

"Yes, it was lucky that we were so near, Train and I," responded the stalwart Saul, assisting her to rise, and conducting her to a seat on a low, shelving rock, which he, singularly, seemed to consider a better support than his arm.

"Good-day, old fellow!" he said, patting the shaggy head of his pet, as, having chased his game a quarter of a mile away, he rushed back for the commendation so dear to his canine heart.

Dilly reached out her hand to add her share of compliment.

"Really," she said, with a grateful, upward glance at the master, "I don't know to which I owe the larger debt of thanks—to you or Train."

"Oh, to Train, by all odds," was the quick response. "In fact, being busy with my corn cultivation in the adjoining field, I don't know as I should have seen your desperate strait if Train had not called my attention, and begged leave to run to your assistance. 'You're right, Train, go,' I said, and your enemy presently found an attacking instead of a retreating party to deal with."

"I'm sure I cannot be sufficiently grateful for such gallant defense," Dilly murmured, still caressing the triumphant Train under Saul's indulgent gaze.

"Well, it wouldn't be pleasant to be gored by a beast like that, certainly," he said, coolly. "And now rest here a little, and I think you will feel able to resume your walk. I will leave Train to

guard you. I see Whitefoot is laying back impatient ears because I don't return to my plow."

Dilly felt just a trifle vexed. Was Whitefoot's impatience of so much more consequence than her timidity and weakness? After all, it was only Saul Browne. What did she care? She had known him from childhood, though he had been away for years, only recently returning to take charge of the handsome estate left, on the death of his father, under heavy incumbrances which he was working diligently to remove.

This was the first time Dilly had chanced to speak with him since he came home; the first time she had thought of him, in fact; and somehow, though she wouldn't have admitted it, she was a good deal shaken by the encounter, and Saul's strong, decided face, which had no weak, uncertain lines, rose very often before her vision during the next twenty-four hours.

The evening following, remembering how remiss she had been in neighborly courtesy to Widow Browne, she walked over to make a friendly call. Saul was in, his working-blouse exchanged for gentlemanly apparel, and himself very deeply engaged in the study of some scientific book, which, however, he immediately laid aside to give his undivided attention to his mother's young guest.

Dilly was really quite struck by his ready conversational talent, and the remarkable force and beauty of his ideas, and under the fascinating spell of the pleasant talk she did not mark the rapid flight of time until the soft fall of the summer darkness brought to mind the half mile she had yet to walk, and she rose with excuses and hasty adieus.

But Saul, with hat in hand, stood ready to attend her, proffering his arm with all the ease and grace of her fancied hero—only, Dilly thought with a sigh, he was no hero at all, but just simply Saul Browne, a common farmer.

A pity, a thousand pities, she mused, for really, he had talent for a higher calling, though she had never thought of it before. And with the idea of inciting him to a loftier ambition, taking much credit to herself for such laudable motives, she said to him as they walked slowly toward the deacon's thrifty home: "I am surprised, Saul, that you don't choose a learned profession instead of sitting tamely down to the humdrum life of a farmer."

"Ah!" spoke he, with soft, lingering intonation. "And what profession would you recommend?"

"Why," said Dilly, thoughtfully, "you have the ability I'm sure to make a good lawyer."

"Really! But I think I can do better," returned Saul, with pride. "Deal so justly, and live in such fraternal relations with men that, so far as the sphere of my influence extends, there shall be no work for lawyers."

"And what do you say to medicine? A physician can do much good," Dilly suggested.

"I believe I can do even better, if you will excuse me for saying so," responded this evidently self-assured young man. "I need no diploma to practice the laws of health, and my example may help to enforce a truth which meets with but slow acceptance, that, with right habits of living there is no more use for doctors than for lawyers."

"Divinity, then," said Dilly, timidly. "That, surely, you must consider a study worthy of you."

Saul threw back his shoulders, casting his clear, gray eyes an instant upward.

"I bless God there are more ways of studying divinity than are taught in the schools," he answered, reverently. "But I would be a doer rather than a preacher of faith and good works. And if each of us would live according to our light, it would pulse higher, shine brighter, and the world would straightway flame from east to west with a refulgence of glory that all the masters of divinity could not kindle if they preached till the crack of doom."

"You might make authorship your profession, perhaps, and immortalize these peculiar ideas of yours," Dilly further insisted.

Saul smiled. "One may be an author if he have something to say worthy of attention," he replied, "but the man who makes authorship a profession is very likely, from the necessities of the case, to say a great deal that is just as well, or better, left unsaid. Very few are called to that high office, and the best of these, perhaps, do not live by their calling. No, little girl, it is much better to act well an humble part than to aspire to one we cannot adequately fill. Besides, I will not acknowledge my work, if worthily performed, one whit less deserving your respect and admiration than the 'learned professions' which you urge upon me, nor can I admit that it will not contribute just as much to my own elevation and the good of society. Character is of vastly more importance than employments. These are dignified or degraded by the spirit a man brings to them. An old truism, to be sure, but it bears repetition. I may write a braver sermon and a grander poem in my corn-fields this summer than I could ever get upon paper, and, I doubt not that humanity will be infinitely more blessed by my efforts than if I had attempted a more ambitious strain."

They had reached the gate that led up to the deacon's door, and the last words were spoken in the dim, sweet shadow of the locust that stretched its white blossoming boughs above their heads.

Dilly softly withdrew her hand from Saul's arm and held it out to him in parting. She had meant, in kindly encouragement, thinking how much she might benefit him, to ask him, with the least bit of condescension, to call on her some day,

but she was feeling just now as if the help might lie on the other side, and she said, very humbly, with even a little thrill of appeal: "Come to see me, sometimes, Saul, and we will talk more of these matters."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," he responded, with a very certain pressure of the hand he was about to release.

And he came, somewhat rarely at first, but with growing frequency dropping in unceremoniously at odd, unexpected hours, always with some strong, uplifting word, or suggestion of homely, practical wisdom that went straight to Dilly's soul, rousing and stirring her to new impulse and action. Life, the plain, prosy, humdrum, matter-of-fact, everyday life, that she had regarded as a state simply to be endured until she could escape it, began now to assume a new, strange, thrilling interest, and she took hold of its humble duties with a reverent and rejoicing spirit, setting herself eagerly at tasks which she had once looked upon as so far beneath her dignity that she had only performed them from a kind of outward compulsion, and with unconcealed disdain, seeing no beauty at all in things so low and common.

And curiously, as she grew in this rare grace, she thought less and less about that marvelous superhuman being whose magnificent posturing on the stage of her future, seen vaguely through its swaying, shadowy curtains, had furnished her with much fanciful if not useful diversion; and she recalled, with a flush of shame, the precious hours she had squandered in idle dreams, picturing with minuteness the events which could never be realized, which, indeed, she now could not even wish realized. For, into the place of this wonderful, Protean fragment of her imagination had slipped a warm, vital, living presence, certain and satisfying, with a personality which she blushing recognized as belonging to Saul Browne, who had become her morning and evening thought, filling her life and absorbing her worship with the godly virtues of her ideal knight; for, mark you, the maiden will have her hero though she make him out of the commonest clay—what he lacks, her loving fancy readily supplying.

All the time, I suppose, this cool, calm, self-possessed, but modest and unassuming young man knew perfectly well what progress he was making in the affections of the shy, reticent, but entirely transparent young woman, though you would not have guessed it from his manner, which betrayed no consciousness of his dominion.

The months slipped away into those pale, dreary, ethereal days that seem like the chastened and purified spirit of summer come back to the old haunts, bringing divine airs with her.

Saul's poem of "The Corn-field" was nearly completed. The huskers were making mournful music among its dry stalks on the rare October

day when, athirst for the winy air, Dilly thought of some dainty mosses she must have for decorative purposes, and, with basket on her arm, set forth across the upland pasture, where, in the sweet June weather, she had met with the bovine adventure already recorded.

Train, from his dreamy outlook on the sunny knoll in the corn-field, saw her as she came into view, and scenting, with keen delight, the prospect of such a tramp as his dogship dearly loved, bounded away at full speed to join her, meeting with the gracious welcome and the approving "good dog, Train," on which he confidently counted. At the same time Saul, pausing in his work, as was his habit, to fling back his shoulders and feast his eyes a moment on the landscape, found his roving gaze arrested by the loveliest feature in it—loveliest, at least, to him—and a sudden impulse seized him to hallow that day above all others by an acknowledgment of his love—an impulse which, I am happy to say, he did not resist, for telling one's love is like writing a poem, one must be in the mood for it to make satisfactory work. In a moment he had leaped the fence, gained Dilly's side, taken her basket upon one arm and drawn her hand closely within the other, looking down at her with eyes which struck to her soul a prescience of the confession that, at last, must come, and she paled, and flushed, and trembled, not daring to meet again that fixed, tender, absorbing gaze. They walked on a space in silence—a silence more eloquent than any speech, their hearts thrilling with a consciousness of the sweet secret which they are certainly in very much less haste than I to tell and have done with before the dinner summons sounds.

"Dilly, darling," spoke Saul, at length, when they had gained the summit of the hill—and of their bliss—and the shimmering, golden world rolled away in clouds of splendor at their feet—"Dilly, darling—life is so beautiful—I pray you, for love's sweet sake, let us share it always together."

I don't know what Dilly said—I don't think Saul did, but he must have been satisfied judging by the beatitude expressed in his face as he seated his darling on a moss-grown stone, and placed himself at her side in a rapture of happiness he was wise to make the most of, and prolong as he might, for the like might never come to him again in mortal life.

Poor Train did not understand it at all. The visions of chattering, discomfited squirrels which had been swimming intoxicatingly before his vision were suddenly scattered, but with the meek patience and resignation, for which a dog gets no praise, he laid himself down with a sigh, dropping his nose between his paws, and lifting his eyes in dumb trustfulness to those dear human faces transfigured with a joy so far beyond his canine comprehension

that it vaguely disquieted and saddened him, though, after all, it was only another of those perplexing mysteries that forever baffled his poor, dull brain.

We shall have to leave them up there on their exalted height, we haven't time to get them down. Certainly, they will get down soon enough to the common world again, and find trials and petty vexations sufficient to balance the brief transport in which we are happy to leave them.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

CINQUE-FOIL.

WRITTEN UPON FINDING A FIVE-LEAVED CLOVER.

O FIVE-LEAVED clover, thou dost bear
Upon thy stem so slender,
Surprise more welcome just because
So innocently tender.
No blaze of beauty marvelous
Flashed up in saucy greeting,
For such a look a child might give
Some downward gaze up meeting.

A tiny thing so coy and shy
From out thy green nest peeping;
Where cradled 'mid the grasses soft
So long thou hast been sleeping.
Ah! could'st thou know the yearning heart
That this delight should measure;
The eager fingers that should grasp
This unexpected treasure?

Say, did some fairy's touch give thee
This added leaf adorning,
So that to me thou mightest bring
"Good-luck," this gladsome morning?
If that be true, I pray the sprite
(Of human kind a lover)
May ever, as a fit reward,
Dwell in the midst of clover!

How like a mother, Nature hides
Her secrets from our prying,
That she may give some sweet surprise
When life proves sorely trying;
And though at times, ungratefully,
We take her gifts, not heeding,
She keeps the choicest ones until
Their help we most are needing.

O five-fold leaflet! thou shalt be
A constant true reminder;
That, who for good in patience seeks,
Shall ever be the finder;
And that a love beyond our ken
O'er dainty forms is keeping
A faithful watch, lest rude eyes spy
The works where they are sleeping.

RUTH ARGYLE.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, it might have been."

INSTINCTIVELY Whittier's words spring to my lips as I gaze upon this beautiful picture by Mrs. Louise Jopling, of England. What an expressive face is lifted from the old letter, the dreamy eyes looking away, away, far beyond the opposite wall, of which they are unconscious.

we not constrained to ask, Are they inevitable? How far are we justified in holding a rigorous Providence responsible for these soul-failures? Surely, when we see a noble tree blasted and blackened by lightning, we do not say that *this* was the end for which it was created—that waving leaves, and fragrant flowers, and blushing fruit were not intended as part of its development and perfection.

But, of lives stricken and destroyed, what do



Every heart must respond to the wordless story here told; though one cannot fail, also, to observe the exquisite grace of the figure and the artistic arrangement of all the details.

Ah, we all know how real these heart-histories are! How much of grief and devastation can exist, with scarce an outward sign; how much of sorrow and anguish are among us, of which words can never be spoken.

But when we try and consider these things calmly, apart from any feeling in the matter, are

we say? Do we not oftentimes talk glibly, as though we believed in a blind fate—or do we not scatter broadcast stale platitudes about the Lord's will, just as if we had previously been taken into the Divine confidence? No,

"Not all the preaching since Adam,
Has made death other than death,"

whether that death be of bodies or souls, of silent tombs or living sepulchres.

So, I think, we may be safe in saying that a large proportion of these sorrowful destinies are,

like other afflictions, in being the consequence of broken law, whether or not that law be willfully or ignorantly transgressed. No doubt many cases may be referred to causes for which no human being, seemingly, can be held responsible; yet, in how many could one point to false pride, or wounded vanity, or inordinate ambition, to say nothing of outside interference, well or ill-intentioned, as factors of the calamitous result? Certainly we may well believe that if people lived simply, purely, earnestly, and were always true to their own hearts, they would very seldom work ill to themselves or their neighbors.

Well, these mysteries, as all others, we must leave, assured that we shall understand them hereafter. "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known."

M. B. H.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MAKE IT BETTER?"

"I BELIEVE the world is growing worse every day!" exclaimed Carlos Andrews, as he impatiently threw aside the daily paper, filled to repletion with its record of crimes.

"What are you doing to make it better?"

The question was put so abruptly, although kindly, that the young man gave a quick, surprised glance at the placid face of the speaker, who returned his gaze with a smile wholly sweet, yet earnest withal.

"I hardly think missionary work is my *forte*, auntie mine," he replied, with an answering smile.

"I have the greatest respect for a certain home missionary I am intimately acquainted with, and who has been not only aunt, but mother, too, to her scrapegrace nephew."

"I think, by taking a broader sense of the word, you will admit you, too, are a missionary of good or evil, and that every human being is either the one or the other from the cradle to the grave."

"You have given me a new idea, but I can hardly grasp and appropriate it. I do not feel I have any particular work to do in making the world better or worse."

"If you make one person, out of the many who form what we call the world, better, is not that something?"

"Certainly; but I doubt my power or ability to do even that."

"Ah, my boy, that one person I am thinking of is yourself. You cannot escape the fearful responsibility of making good or evil the life God has given you to perfect. Your first duty to the world to make it better is to grow better yourself each day. There is no rest for the soul; it must either advance toward the good or fall back gradually toward the evil. What the world will be in fifty years from to-day is what it will be made by

you and the young men and young girls of this day."

"But it seems to me, aunt, your little sermon—which, believe me, I appreciate—has for its text, 'be good,' instead of 'be good and do good,' as my old copy-book used to say. You wish the world to reform by each individual member of it reforming; and, as I understand you, scrubbing away at his own moral nature till it is immaculate, without ever offering to help any rheumatic old sinner scour up his tarnished breastplate."

An amused smile played over the fine face of the lady; but she replied: "You give me 'be good' as my text, as it certainly is, but, as you explain it, means merely seem good. 'Be good' and 'do good' are to me synonymous terms. I do not define goodness as a selfishly passive state of mind or a bundle of correct theological theories. Goodness means to me love to God and love to man, and there can be no love without expression of it by words or deeds. Every step one advances in the path of goodness is the result of that love, and we never help ourselves so much as when we help a brother. It is almost appalling to think of the power for good or evil one life even possesses, and of the far-reaching effort a simple deed or word may have for weal or woe upon ourselves or others."

"Your words make life seem to me a difficult problem," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"How did you solve those problems you encountered when attending school?"

"I had to work on them, and, by my teacher's assistance and the rules given by which to perform them, I used to obtain the correct solution."

"And the problem of life you must solve in the same way, my dear boy—by your own earnest endeavors, aided by the great Teacher and His divine rules given so plainly in His book."

"Dear aunt, I will try to be a faithful scholar in His great school; and you have given me some new ideas that I shall not soon forget. I am sure I appreciate the beauty of the character you are describing to me every day by your own Christian life, and I cannot but desire it for myself."

ALMA L. ROCKWOOD.

A PURE child, like a ray of sunshine, can go almost anywhere without contracting taint. Though a choice of associations is essential to wholesome development, yet a normal and healthful child may come in contact with a great deal of roughness and vice without being injured by it. This can only be, however, when the child carries with it continually the atmosphere of a pure, elevated, Christian home. The intuitions of a child thus nurtured will make it shrink from the taint of vice.

You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and forge yourself one.

CLOVER.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was one of those busy, punctual little creatures who flit past your window day by day on their way to some regular business post. Perhaps you look up from your warm breakfast and remark: "There goes that young person as sure as clock-work! I am confident I could set my watch by her." Perhaps you wonder ere you return to your coffee whence the said young person comes, whither she goes, and what manner of history pertaineth to her; as a rule, however, you regard the passer-by with utter indifference, as one of many with whose concerns you have nothing to do.

Heedless as to the speculations of those whose careless eyes rested so often on her slight, small figure clad in sombre mourning, Clover Searle went to and fro morn and evening between West Street, Daleford, and Daleford Junction, *en route* for the busy town of Brentham, where she was employed from ten to five. Wet or fine, in December as in June, the girl trudged the streets of the suburb, intent on catching the 9-20 up-train. The junction was more than two miles from her home, so Clover had quite enough occupation for her thoughts in performing that distance, obtaining her ticket, and getting to the top of the high staircase in the little more than half an hour which she allowed herself. Clover often wished the company issued third-class season-tickets, for the second-class annuals were beyond her pocket, and she dreaded the daily ordeal of elbowing her way to the ticket-box through hurried city men starting for Brentham, and the polite remarks of the admiring booking-clerk. Clover found it in her heart at such times to wish that she were a spectacled maiden of fifty with a "front." But her twenty years mocked such cravings, and she continued to behold in the mirror, when she tied her neat braids with black ribbon, a childish face with a very marked dimple, a face that none could fail to find very pretty indeed.

It is a sultry morning, and Miss Searle perceives the signal down for the 9-20 whilst yet she is at the bottom of Daleford Hill, so she makes a slippery rush up the path, and gains the station just as the train glides up to the platform.

"Come, you're early for once, miss," begins the clerk, pretending to withhold the ticket, but, seeing her distress, he ceases his "chaff," and Clover darts up the flight of stairs, entering a third-class carriage after the first thrill of movement has succeeded the whistle.

"Dangerous that, Miss Searle! 'Pon my word, you frightened me—you did—though it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, for you're faithful to the farther end of the train when you're in

time, and I stick to the smoking-carriage; so it's quite an agreeable novelty to enjoy your company."

Poor Clover turns round in dismay at the familiar, confidential tones; in her hurry she has entered the carriage nearest to the stairs, and behold it is a smoking-compartment, where five or six of the less gentle sex are puffing away at the

"Pernicious weed whose scent the fair annoys."

Beside her sits the very person whom she persistently avoids—Charles Ferber, her landlady's only son, who is manager at a small jeweler's in Brentham, and whose conceit and self-sufficiency are so strong that he really believes the timid-faced, blue-eyed maiden is not only pleased, but grateful to receive his patronizing attentions.

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Ferber! Is this a smoking-carriage? I am sorry to have intruded—I—"

"Any objection to a cigar, miss?" asked a young fellow, opposite.

He has taken out his case hesitatingly, and seems to wonder at the indifference of the others to a lady's presence. He is very young indeed, and Ferber's careless tone subdue him as he answers for Clover: "She doesn't mind a weed—she's used to it. Father smokes of an evening—eh, Miss Searle?"

The color comes and goes in Clover's cheeks; she turns to the window, and tries to appear intent on the not very interesting scenery through which they are passing. She knows, however, that her father's lodgings are held at a very cheap rent, that Mrs. Ferber could let them again and again to better advantage, and that they are suffered to remain because Ferber likes their society when his day's work is done, and has a notion that the flute with which he wrestles is an elegant accompaniment to Miss Searle's pianoforte. Clover is afraid to offend Charles Ferber—she hates herself for the meanness, yet forces herself to vouchsafe an occasional monosyllable, and even something which does duty for a smile, to the young jeweler, who makes the most of this opportunity to show his companions on what good terms he stands with this beautiful girl with the unmistakable air of refinement and gentle birth.

But Clover is wondering meanwhile how it will feel to travel backward and forward to her work when Sydney, her ten-year-old school-boy brother, is old enough to accompany her. Ah, she will be getting quite an old maid by that time—quite used to a position she finds just now rather trying! She wishes she had a big brother, strong, and tender, and brave, and chivalrous, like—like—Well, there is only one memory that assists the comparison, and Clover must stifle that, or the dark blue eyes will be dewed violets indeed. Arrived at Brentham, Ferber assists his mother's

lodger from the carriage, with the remark: "Ten minutes sooner or later don't matter for me—I'll take you down the High Street, Miss. It must be lonely walking so much by yourself."

"Oh, no! I would much rather go alone," says Clover, earnestly; not for worlds would she be seen in Ferber's company, as her escort even, by the casual acquaintances she has made in a business way.

"You're confoundedly chilling, Miss; 'pon my word, it's too bad!" answers Ferber, bringing his vulgar face so close to her own that Clover murmurs something about "being late at the pottery," and hurries from the station, her heart bursting with indignation and wonder wherein she has so far forgotten herself in the past that Charles Ferber dares to behave like this.

Clover Searle, together with five other young ladies, is employed at the Dyke Pottery, Brent-ham, as a designer. Her artistic genius is real, and her execution remarkably graceful and delicate; but lack of experience has hitherto proved a difficulty to her, and her companions tell her that as she becomes accustomed to her work her receipts will equal—nay, exceed—their own. Some of them have heard Clover's designs meet with admiring appreciation from old Mr. Dyke, the representative of the firm. This gentleman's kind and charitable heart was moved when Clover came to him one morning, about a year before, in answer to his advertisement for an extra designer. Miss Coombe, who had long been employed by the pottery, was suffering from the effects of an accident, and for a time her place was vacant. Clover gave as reference the Vicar of Silverdistone, who wrote in answer to Mr. Dyke's inquiries that the Searles were well-known to him, being people of position terribly reduced in circumstances, and that Miss Searle was one who would, in any position, creditably perform her duty.

So Clover had been taken on at the pottery as a temporary *employé*; but she had given so much satisfaction that on Miss Coombe's return she was re-engaged, and she now anxiously directed her best endeavors to excellence in her vocation, to the end that in time her dear father might leave the dull lodging at Daleford, and she might earn a liberal salary from one of the large London firms who did more than Dyke & Co. in the way of *faience* and artistic pottery.

Two years before Miss Searle would have been greatly amused had any gipsy fortune-teller, scanning her pretty, white palm, have told her that she would earn her bread at a country pottery, and Sydney Searle, the handsome heir to Worcestead, would be counted lucky to attend Daleford Grammar School at the cheapest rate, as a nominee of the governor, Mr. Dyke.

Two years before Clover rode, and drove, and waltzed, and skated, and, in short, did all that

could be expected of a lovely, light-hearted girl of eighteen who had been "finished" as expensively as the comfortable parental fortune warranted. Nay, Clover did more than this; her gentle mother had trained her to be mindful of the duties no less than of the privileges of her station—indeed she taught her to call the former by the latter—and the girl's pony chaise was as well-known in the haunts of distress and need as in the avenues of the homes of plenty. Everywhere the dimpled face was loved; and, the last drop in the cup of Clover's earthly happiness seemed added when she met Sir Francis Strachan, the owner of a neighboring seat, who had been long resident abroad tending an invalid mother. On the death of the latter the young man returned to his property; his late bereavement kept him in some measure secluded, and this fact gave all the more interest to his intercourse with the Searles, whose land adjoined his own. He was introduced to Clover at the Vicar's. She could not fail to admire his splendid height, chivalrous manner and intellectual features, nor could she withhold her girlish sympathy with his sadness and loneliness. Strachan thought at first that could he have chosen a sister he would have selected just such a blushing, tender-eyed rosebud of an English maiden; but time passed on, and fraternal ideas faded and vanished.

It was like a life-poem when these two understood what they had become to each other; and, as the weeks and months of the engagement sped by on fairy feet, the beauty of the poem seemed only enhanced into "linked sweetness, long drawn out." Clover seemed still so young to her loving parents that, though entirely satisfied with her choice and prospects in becoming Lady Strachan, they decided she must not leave them for a new home till she was twenty years old at least.

Twenty years old found the fair bride-elect in circumstances widely different. Mr. Searle was an easy-going, good-natured, thrifless man, fond of speculating in railway shares and promising stocks of various descriptions. His bailiff encouraged this tendency; and, though Mrs. Searle had no notion of the extent of these speculations, nor that Worcestead was actually mortgaged to a man with whom Mr. Searle seemed on intimate terms, and who visited the house as a friend, she often wished her husband would be content to bequeath a comfortable sufficiency to their children instead of letting them "shine with the first in the land," as he described his wish and intention to be.

The crash came suddenly and with overwhelming concentration; there was a commercial panic in the city, when trusted firms stopped payment, and heads of substantial houses looked grave and care-worn. The bubbles that had attracted Mr. Searle burst one after the other; the London

money-lender who had "stood his friend" so often in a pecuniary way turned inflexible, and foreclosed the mortgage, whilst the bailiff, in whom utter confidence had been placed, felt that the time had come when Mr. Searle would look in his neglected affairs, and absconded with all the available rents, leaving to his employer the shocking discovery of systematic fraud and embezzlement.

All the trouble seemed to make the poor gentleman an altered individual; his gay, light-hearted smile was lost, his jokes came to an end, he grew thin and pale, and his sad, wistful eyes seemed to entreat forgiveness from his loved ones, who had no thought but to comfort him.

The mother's heart was breaking silently for her children; she knew not how it had come to pass, but she was aware that Clover's engagement was dissolved—and how were these two, her beautiful girl and her bright, mischievous boy, to face the unsympathetic world? Ere the Searles could leave the home no longer theirs the delicate constitution sank beneath the inward sorrow, and the old familiar church-yard received the precious form that was more to husband and children than all the wealth the world contained.

They had come to Daleford *en route* for a celebrated watering-place, where Mr. Searle had formerly resided, and where he hoped to obtain a vacant clerkship in the county bank of which he had once been chairman. Clover had seen Mr. Dyke's advertisement whilst they were delayed at Daleford by Sydney's being attacked by measles, and she induced her father to remain in the village, persuading him that her salary, eked out by the pittance that remained to him, would suffice for their wants. Clover knew that her father shrank from seeking the scene of former prosperity—and indeed his health was now quite unequal to the stress of daily employment.

On this morning Miss Searle crossed the pottery yard in an unusually depressed frame of mind. There was nothing of the morbid about Clover, but Ferber's familiarity had hurt her self-respect, and she felt really unhappy as she reflected upon the necessity that might probably arise of leaving the cheap lodgings that seemed to suit her father.

But, once settled to her work upon a pattern of lily-of-the-valley and graceful ferns, the annoyance was resolutely put aside. Clover labored steadily and heartily, to the end that "something accomplished, something done," might win a night's repose. Ah, it was a morning destined never to be wholly forgotten throughout the young artist's life!

About eleven o'clock the voice of old Mr. Dyke sounded along the corridor, and the designers knew that their employer was about to pay one of his periodical visits to their department. Some-

times he came alone, but more frequently he was accompanied by ladies and gentlemen whom he was conducting through his works.

"This is the young lady," said Mr. Dyke, "who designed the mosaic tiling for the fireplace; you were struck by the style, Sir Francis."

"It is chaste and highly artistic," was the answer; "but I was struck by it because I had seen something similar on the continent, and had sketched the pattern for my own place. I never used the sketch, however. Probably the lady has traveled in Holland?"

The speaker looked round inquiringly. Mr. Dyke motioned toward Clover Searle, but the next moment his smiling face bore an appearance of alarm, and he stepped forward, scarcely believing it possible that this young, steady, hard-working favorite should have chosen so ill an opportunity to faint away.

Sir Francis Strachan, a liberal art critic and patron, had been delighted with the fireplaces emanating from this country firm; and, in introducing Clover to him as the designer, Mr. Dyke had expected a brightening of her future prospects. What had possessed the girl to faint so suddenly on this cold, damp morning? Ere the old man could reach her Sir Francis had her in his arms. There was a sofa in the room, and he laid her there whilst the lady-artists hurried to her assistance.

"She is not strong, Mr. Dyke," said one of them; "and she told me she hurried very much for the train this morning."

"Poor girl!" was the pitying remark. "I hope she will take it easy as to work to-day. Come, Sir Francis, shall we pass on? This has happened unfortunately, for I should have liked you to know Miss Searle. She is no mean artist; my daughter's girls are her pupils, and we think highly of their progress; and I hear she will exhibit at the Town Hall, at the county collection. But of course you would have nothing to do with county talent—eh?"

"I—I have met Miss Searle before," said Sir Francis Strachan, twisting his light cane till he nearly broke it, as he crossed the outside yard with the old man—"at least, it must be the same. Is she doing this for her living?"

"Yes—reduced circumstances, you know. The father was formerly quite independent."

"Where do they live, Mr. Dyke? I knew Mr. Searle very well."

"I will find you the address if I can, when I get to my office. Now, Sir Francis, for the Etruscan pottery. We have spent much pains upon this branch. There's a classical look about that set—eh, Sir Francis? Seems to me nothing at Mortlock's could be chaster. That's another design of Miss Searle's, by the way. We are enlarging the works, and, if the last seven years give

any promise as to the future— Why, my dear sir, you're looking but poorly this morning! Have a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you," said Sir Francis; "my head aches a trifle, that is all. The sun is rather strong on the high-road. If agreeable to yourself, I should like to purchase those Greek cups designed by—by Miss Searle, for a cabinet down at Strachan House."

CHAPTER II.

"IT'S jolly hard upon a fellow, and I wish I could cut it and be a sailor."

"Darling Sydney, what is the trouble now?"

A handsome boy in a well-worn knickerbocker suit, nearly outgrown and shiny at the knees and elbows, turned from the window where he had been indulging in a grumbling soliloquy, and colored hotly from shame as he met his sister's look of sorrowful love.

"I won't tell you, Clover. I'm not so selfish as all that. It's much harder for you who go to work. I grumbled only because I thought I was alone."

"I am glad papa did not hear you, Syd," said Clover, caressing his bright curls. "But surely you will tell me your worries; perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, no, you can't, Clover, though you're a brick! There's an exhibition to some first-rate London school open every three years for the fellows under twelve, and once you get there you're almost sure to get a scholarship and go to college. Oh, if I could only pass! There would be some chance for me to become a clergyman at last, as mother always wished."

"You are looking very far ahead, Sydney; but I know you are advanced for your age, and you are 'dux' of your class. Surely you stand a good chance. Oh, dear, it will be dull without you! But when my Sydney has a church of his own I shall be proud of him. Will you let your maiden sister come and keep house for you, reverend sir?"

The boy laid his round cheek against hers.

"Don't, Clover!" said he, with a kind of sob. "I can't go up to be examined, because there is an entrance-fee of a guinea."

Clover looked grave.

"All next month's salary is wanted," said she, "and I have no jewelry left—except—except—Sydney dear, when must the guinea be paid?"

"To-morrow morning at latest, when the names are entered," answered Sydney. "The doctor said to me, 'Of course you'll go up, Searle?' and I pretended not to hear. You see, Clover, if I told him the reason I don't try, I know he'd pay the guinea, or Mr. Dyke would—and they've done so much for me already."

"Of course they have, dear," said Clover. "I

hope we are not wrongly proud, but, like you, I do not like to trespass on our friends. Perhaps I can manage it for you, Syd."

"O Clover, have you really managed to save at all?"

"Never mind, you inquisitive boy; perhaps I have a secret hoard in my stocking. I will tell you for certain at bed-time."

Are you going out again, sister?"

"Yes, dear, if you will go with papa into the park; his evening walks does him good."

"O Clover, he walks so slowly, and I wanted to read 'Marmion'! Can't he do some music with Ferber?"

"I would rather keep Mr. Ferber out of our rooms, Sydney," said Clover, the look of trouble deepening in her eyes. "But, if you want to read, I will go with papa, and do my own errands afterwards."

"Nonsense, Clover; old 'Marmion' must wait. I say, Mr. Searle, Esquire! Are you ready for a walk?"

And the reply to the shout came from the room above: "Yes, my boy, if you would like to go out"—in the father's quiet, melancholy tones.

Hand-in-hand the two proceeded toward the park, whilst Clover watched them from the window of their one small sitting-room, where her tasteful little fancies and arrangements waged continual warfare with the landlady's gorgeous carpet and highly-colored pictures.

Father and son were much alike in features, but how different were their expressions, as Wilberforce Searle moved with bent head and depressed gait, gray-headed before his time, and Sydney, certain that Clover possessed the means and will to pay his entrance-fee, chatted in the wildest spirits concerning his future prospects!

Long before they reached the park Clover knew that the boy's future rectory would be built and furnished, and the garden fully described, and a place found for herself in the prettiest corner of the house, together with a snug arm-chair for their father. Sydney was always building castles in the air; his father smiled when he even proceeded to fill his larder with "roast turkey and no end of mince pies and veal outlets, because you like them, father, and chocolate creams for Clover;" but he sighed as he mused on the result of his own ambitious visions, and gently counseled: "I hope your future may be bright, my son, but the present must be worthy of it; to-morrow will reap the seeds sown to-day."

"I know," said Sydney, his handsome face glowing with eagerness—"that's like what mamma wrote in the Milton she gave me:

"Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long—
Thus making life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song."

Meanwhile Clover had sought her own tiny, attic bed-chamber, where she opened the desk that stood on the deal chest-of-drawers; it was small and elegant, and had formed her birthday present when she was twelve years old. A slight touch on one particular spot that looked like the stain of the rose-wood and a small secret drawer was revealed. It contained a lock of her mother's hair, waiting there till Clover could afford to have it inclosed in some worthy form. Clover kissed it first, then looked at it with quivering lips, and replaced it in the soft, white paper. There was one thing in the secret drawer beside that precious relic—Clover's little diamond engagement-ring, her one present from Sir Francis. On her side she had given him a band of gold wreathed with the word "Mizpah," and on the dissolution of the engagement Sir Francis had particularly requested to be allowed to keep the "Mizpah ring," as a memorial of past friendship, adding that it would spare him pain if Miss Searle would refrain from returning the engagement-ring to him. So it lay there, shrined in the little secret drawer, the unconscious comfort of its owner, and yet her most potent cause of suffering.

Scarcely venturing to look at it, she put it, case and all, into her purse, where a few coppers kept it company, and, trembling with agitation, went down-stairs dressed for walking.

Ferber had not been particularly impressed by her coldness of the morning. He was entertaining some friends of his mother's by the music (?) of his flute when Clover passed the open parlor door.

"Going out, Miss Searle?" he called. "It gets duskish pretty early; I'm quite at your service;" and he took up his wideawake.

Clover had purposely waited till the shades began to fall; but Ferber's company on her present expedition was the last thing desirable.

"Thank you, Mr. Ferber," said she, her color rising, her voice faltering, but with a manner there was no gainsaying, "but I prefer to walk out by myself."

"That ain't a nice fancy for a young woman," said the landlady, uncivilly; she would have been only too glad to let her rooms at better advantage, and Clover's quiet, distant manner had always angered her.

Clover opened the door and passed out; whilst Ferber, indignant at being put down before his tittering friends, vowed angrily that Clover should humble herself to his attentions, or suffer for it.

Sir Francis Strachan had come to the neighborhood of Daleford to be present at the wedding of a college friend at Brentham Manor. It struck him that evening, on his way to call on Mr. Searle, that the shops might be shut on his return journey, and he wanted a locket for his friend's little sister,

a child of six, to whom he had taken a fancy, so he entered the establishment of "Barham, jeweler and pawnbroker," and looked over his stock.

As he fingered the lockets, he was thinking that Clover could not possibly object to his visiting her father as an ordinary friend. "However distasteful my presence may be to her personally," he argued, "she must acknowledge I am at liberty to call on Mr. Searle, being in his neighborhood; and I will try not to annoy Clover with looks and words of love, though that will be a task hard enough. I wonder what made her faint this morning—my little, sweet, brave Clover, who is working so hard to use her talent!"

At that moment he drew his breath quickly and started with surprise, for Clover herself, with hesitating footsteps, entered the shop, and, not daring to glance at the customers, said something to the shopman in a low voice.

"Not this department, Miss," spoke the man aloud. "Pawnbroker's business next door; go down a passage to the left."

Clover, scarlet-hued, turned away, and Strachan, hurriedly exclaiming something about calling on the morrow to choose a locket, hurried after her.

She was pausing at the end of the pawnbroker's passage, trying to force her courage to the point of entrance. Poor Clover had never before sought a like establishment, but she reflected that even this was better than finally parting with her ring by selling it. So she told herself that Sydney's success was worth her present suffering, and she was just about to pass down the passage, when she heard a passionately earnest voice.

"Clover!"

"Frank!"

There was no need for Sir Francis to prolong his self-torment as to Clover's feelings toward him; the sudden tenderness of the violet eyes, the beautiful radiance of the sad, sweet face, the tremor of those witching dimples, told the tale. For one instant he held her little, gifted hand as though his own would never loose it; then memory returned to Clover, and a burning blush showed him that she recalled their changed positions.

"Sir Francis Strachan," said she, in a voice she vainly tried to steady, "I think I saw you at the pottery to-day. Are you staying in the neighborhood?"

"Now, my Clover," answered he, triumphing in the consciousness of her late tell-tale behavior, "you are a little hypocrite! You know you are glad to see me. You know you don't think of me as Sir Francis Strachan. Clover, there is some tangled skein as regards our past—either you or I must unravel it; but, after the look in your eyes just now, I never mean to let you go again."

"I think you forget yourself, Sir Francis," said Clover, as coldly as she could speak. "You have

no right to mention the past at all. Of course I am always glad to see old friends."

"Well, I shall take you home, Clover sweet," returned Sir Francis, trying to take her arm, "for I was just intending to call on your father."

Clover felt a bitter-sweet pain on hearing this. She knew what the long walk with him would be to her; but that he should see their shabby lodgings!

"Please do not touch my arm, Sir Francis," said she, gently. "Papa will see you, I dare say, though any little excitement seems bad for him now, and he also retires very early."

"You hospitable young lady! But I do not mean to take the hint. Well, if you are so unsociable, I will leave your arm alone. Won't you take mine? I will punish your incivility then by a piece of news. I am going to be married. The future Lady Strachan is exceedingly like yourself."

"Is she?" asked Clover, the dimples showing themselves a little. "Has she given her consent? Because she might object, you see."

"Nobody axed you," quoted Sir Francis. "Don't be interfering, but wish me happiness."

Clover looked at him quietly for an instant; and then he added, his voice dying to a whisper: "Clover, how could you write to me so cruelly? How could you tell me that you had but one wish concerning me—that we might never meet again? I left for the East directly, and I did not hear till my return of your misfortunes. Did I imagine right when I fancied the dread of them caused your letter?"

Somehow Clover's hand was on his arm by this time, and his left hand was holding it as she said: "I could not, in a penniless condition, marry one so rich—and I wish you had never found me. It makes it harder now. Sir Francis, let my hand alone. Do you know that I am working for my daily bread?"

"With this dear, honored hand?" said he, as he kissed the hand on his arm.

"No," she smiled; "I don't draw with my left hand."

"Then I must render homage to the other," said he, repeating the salute.

"Oh, dear," sighed Clover, "I wish you would not! Once for all, Sir Francis Strachan, I am not engaged to you, and I never shall be—never."

"Why, my Clover?"

"For the same reason that made me dissolve the engagement directly I heard of our coming misfortunes—my poverty and your riches."

"That is nonsensical pride, Clover," said Sir Francis, speaking fast and sternly. "You are very wicked to plead such an excuse for our separation. I wish I had dreamed of your coming troubles when I had your cruel letter. We ought to marry one another, seeing we can never love in

other directions. You know how I care for you, Clover sweet. I will let you go again only on one condition—that you truthfully assert, 'Frank, I don't love you.'"

"Frank," she began; then her eyes fell beneath his, and poor little Clover was defeated.

The next minute she was taken victoriously into his arms—for they were walking to Daleford, the last train having long since passed between Brent-ham and the village, and their way lay through a quiet wood. All her protests were sweetly silenced, and at last she rested quiet, blessed with an inexpressible joy, when Sir Francis said: "Henceforth and forever, Clover sweet, you are mine. You see, I still wear your Mizpah ring; you must wear your diamond hoop again—and then for the plain gold circlet."

He did not forget at what door they had met, though all memory of the pawnbroker had deserted Clover. He guessed the family must be in need, and privately determined to leave his pocket-book with Mr. Searle that evening.

But when they reached the lodging Clover saw that her father's blind was placed in the way he always arranged it ere retiring; so she said: "Papa is in bed, and I think you had better not come in, as he will not be in the parlor. We lodge with such disagreeable people."

"Very well, love. I shall call to-morrow morning and take you to the pottery—mind, I shall come to breakfast. I shall assist you to give Mr. Dyke notice; he must come to our wedding—eh, Clover mine?"

They lingered some time on the narrow step, and then he departed, happy as a king, while Clover, all the way up-stairs, sang joyously in her heart, and it was not till Sydney met her, hopeful and expectant, that she remembered the guinea he required.

"Never mind, Syd," said she, tenderly; "I have met Frank again, and we are going to be married, and he is coming to-morrow."

"Hooray!" screamed the boy. "Jolly old Frank coming to-morrow! He'll help me, I know, Clover. Hooray for Lady Strachan!"

CHAPTER III.

SWEET dreams had Clover that night, but she was up betimes next morning, careless that it was one of those thoroughly wet days she usually surveyed disconsolately, having no waterproof.

She went down to the parlor, begged a clean tablecloth from Mrs. Ferber and dispatched her excited little brother for fresh eggs, lettuces and fresh butter. Clover was wildly extravagant over her preparations; Sydney was entrusted with a florin to lay out on the provisions.

"Who's a-coming?" growled Mrs. Ferber; and when she heard "A gentleman," she reflected in-

wardly, "So much the worse for my Charley, and so much the better for me—I want none of your stuck-up, fine misses for my boy. I've got my eye on Susie Wilkins of the 'Red Lion' for him; she'll have a pretty penny from the old gentleman."

When Mr. Searle came slowly and feebly downstairs, a very pretty picture awaited him in the parlor. It was just eight o'clock, the time at which Clover had instructed Sir Francis to arrive; the window was open, and out of it leaned Sydney, dividing his attention between his "Cæsar" for school and the outlook for his old friend. The table was arranged in truly festive style, a glass bowl of roses—that had cost Clover sixpence—forming the centre-piece. But fairest of all was Clover herself, in one of the plain white dresses that her own hands had fashioned for Sundays, black ribbons at her neck and in her hair, and one tiny rosebud stirred by her every breath.

"Why, Clover, is that your working-costume? Is this somebody's birthday, children?"

"I shall have time to change my dress, father," said Clover, twining her arms shyly and lovingly round him, and whispering in his ear.

"Heaven bless you, my child! You deserve your happiness," responded Mr. Searle, gazing at her with proud, brightened eyes.

"I don't believe he's coming, Clover," called Sydney from the window.

"Oh, yes, he said he would come!" smiled Clover, confidently; and she sat down at the tray, her fingers playing with the precious ring she wore.

But the hand of the clock pointed to the quarter past, then to half past eight, and Sydney began to fidget about the school, reporting that there were "no signs of Strachan down the road."

So Clover gave her father and brother their breakfast, and then took up herself the position at the open window. Her heart was rather troubled; but he would come presently, she knew.

It was time for Sydney to be off to school. He put up his books in the strap, forcing down a choking sensation in his throat, for he had so counted on that guinea from Sir Francis, who had given him many a generous "tip" in days gone by. He dared not trust his voice to speak, but made a brave effort to smile as he kissed his sister. Her eyes were full of tears. The next minute he was whistling down the street through the rain, to show her he "didn't care;" and then, poor fellow, he ran down a quiet lane, and put his head on the wet stile at the end, and burst out crying.

But when the school commenced, and the master read the names of the competitors, he found his own amongst them.

"Please, sir," he faltered, "I did not pay the entrance-fee for the examination."

"No," said the master, "you were nominated

by a governor, and we consider you as on the foundation. Any of the foundation boys are admitted free to the examinations; only the private pupils pay the entrance-fees. So do your best, Searle, and remember it is a first-rate chance; I hope there will be a splendid struggle for the scholarship."

With a rosy face good to see, Searle turned to his Latin verses; it would not be his fault if he failed to enter the London school.

Meanwhile, poor Clover had put on her shabbiest outdoor dress, because of the soaking rain. That might, she thought, account for Strachan's absence; and yet in days gone by he had not minded a wetting. She lost her usual train to Brentham, and arrived there late and completely drenched; but, as all the designers were exceedingly busy, owing to a fresh order received by the morning's post, her wet condition remained almost unnoticed, and Clover tried to conceal it, being somewhat ashamed of possessing no waterproof cloak.

She was very sorry that, as the day passed on, the rain showed no signs of abating, for she felt sure Sir Francis would either call for her or be waiting for her at their lodgings in the evening, and she did not like him to see her "like a drowned rat," as Miss Coombe remarked.

At dinner-time that lady said: "I hope you changed your boots, Miss Searle. Let me lend you a pair of slippers—I have an extra pair in the cupboard. My dear, it is very dangerous to get the feet wet."

"Oh, my boots are thick, thank you! They do not feel at all wet," said Clover, knowing that they had dried on her, and that to remove them now would be a hard task indeed. "Syd must help me to pull them off," she thought.

Poor girl, she tried to convince herself that the pain in her limbs was caused by long sitting, and that it would go away when she "walked about;" but long ere she reached home in the evening she knew she was suffering from acute rheumatism.

"Well," she reflected, "even if Frank is there, I must, for once in the way, go to bed early, and I will make myself some hot cocoa; I shall be all right in the morning. What a day for summer! Now there is going to be a thunderstorm. I hope papa will not mind the lightning. I must doctor Syd, too, or he will be taking cold, dear boy!"

"I am sorry to wet your passage, Mrs. Ferber," said Clover, gently.

"Tain't you as 'll have the job of wiping it up," remarked the lady, ungraciously.

Her son, who was standing behind her, for once did not address Clover; she thought she must have finally offended him on the previous evening, for there was a peculiar, half-shamed, half-defiant look in his averted face.

"Papa, has he been?"

"No, love; no doubt you will hear by this evening's post," said her father, who was in reality thinking: "The ungentlemanly rascal, to renew his engagement in a time of excitement and slip out of it again like this! If I were younger, or Sydney older, we should force an explanation. My poor, beautiful child is too loving, too trusting. Alas that my folly has darkened her life in this manner! We could not reasonably expect that Strachan would marry a designer at the pottery."

"Clover," cried Sydney, springing to meet her, "what do you think? Because Dyke nominated me to the school, I have to pay no fees; they are excused to the boys on the foundation—so I'm going up, after all. Earlcote reopens at Michaelmas. But, I say, Clover, you're drenched! I'll get Biddy down in the kitchen to dry your dress, if you'll go up and slip it off."

"My dear," said her father, anxiously, "make haste and change your things."

"Oh, I am all right, papa!" returned Clover, whose every movement was fast becoming an agony.

She passed to her own room, put on a dry dress, and then exerted herself to make tea. She was herself very thirsty, but could eat nothing. Sydney was sneezing now and then, and, being anxious about him, she waited up till he had finished his lessons; then she persuaded him to go to bed, and gave him some nitre on a lump of sugar. After that she told her father she was very tired—the Ferbers had gone out to spend the evening—so she crept down to the kitchen, where she instructed the good-natured Irish girl as to Mr. Searle's supper, and then asked her if she would let her have some hot water, as she thought a cup of cocoa might ease her pain.

"Why, Miss Searle, you're just as feverish as you can be!" said Biddy. "Go away to your bed, and I'll make the cocoa."

It did not, however, produce the desired effect. Clover's sufferings were intensified by a sore throat and a violent headache, and throughout the night she kept turning uneasily from side to side, till she could no longer endure the effort of movement.

Biddy was exceedingly fond of Clover, and she secretly stole in to her directly she rose, to see if she could do anything for her. Finding the girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes unnaturally bright, Biddy bade her lie still and keep in bed, for she could not possibly get out of doors that day.

"Nonsense, Biddy!" said Clover, trying to smile. "Of course I must go down to the pottery, and on my way I will ask the chemist for some rheumatism-lotion. Biddy, I wish you would just see if there is a letter for me in the letter-box."

Biddy came back with a tailor's circular for Mr. Searle, which was all the postman had left at the house that morning.

Clover's eager look faded away. Frank must be ill, she thought, with tender concern. Then came a dawning doubt. Could he have been trifling with her? Did he, on serious reflection, repent his rashness, remembering her changed fortunes? Had he left the place to escape the connection?

"He need not trouble himself to escape me," thought poor Clover, drearily. "I set him free myself in the past. I wish I had been strong enough to reject his love again. But I can survive his desertion. I hope I am not so foolish as to care for one who can behave so meanly. But, Frank—my Frank—how can you treat me so?"

Clover soon found that to quit her bed was impossible, for the effort to rise heightened the rheumatic pains into agony. And there was the important order to be executed at the pottery. She could not even offer to continue her designs at home, as she had done before in the case of Sydney's chicken-pox, for the designers were all working together, and their work fitted harmoniously, added to which, her swollen, aching fingers could not possibly perform their part. No wonder the hot tears found their way into her sorrowful eyes. She thought at first the trouble was cruelly hard; but it soothed her into patient endurance to remember her mother's dying words: "Do not murmur, my children; Heaven knows what is best for us all."

Sydney, who showed no signs of a cold, thanks to his sister's nursing, was almost wild with grief to hear of her illness. He would have stayed from school had she allowed it; as it was, he took no breakfast, but hurried off to the chief doctor in the neighborhood, who lived three miles from their lodgings.

Dr. Dudley pronounced Clover's ailment to be a very serious form of rheumatic fever; and when the sufferer asked him how soon she would be able to return to her duties, he only said: "Wait awhile, my dear young lady; there is time enough to think of that."

And, as day followed day, and she lay there moaning, as far from recovery as when he had been first called in, the doctor spoke to her seriously concerning her anxiety to be up and doing, which, he told her, hindered her improvement.

The father and brother were tender, indefatigable nurses; the Dykes came once or twice with tempting fruit and jellies, but, whilst she was yet very ill, the family started on their usual Continental trip.

Mr. Dyke had been compelled to engage a designer in Clover's place; but he promised to reinstate her when fit for work.

"Never mind, papa dear," said Clover, mindful of her father's anxieties amid all her pain; "when I once get out of bed I shall have all the more time to go on with my painting 'Sunrise' for the Town Hall. I think it will certainly sell; and

you know the exhibition does not open till the first week in September. The price will clear Dr. Dudley's bill beautifully, papa, and all the rent now running on."

The rent was indeed a source of worry to the father and daughter, and even to the school-boy, who understood the family affairs pretty clearly, and who longed to question Clover about Sir Francis, but had the sense of refrain. Mrs. Ferber possessed neither sympathy nor forbearance; her manner showed very plainly how she resented the extra trouble of Clover's illness; and she often stated to Biddy, in a loud voice on the stairs, that she was "sick and tired of them stuck-up lodgers, as was as poor as church mice."

At last the day arrived when poor Clover, white and weak from her long, painful illness, came down to the parlor, holding Sydney's hand. They had lately been obliged to forego their ready-money rule, and go on credit with their tradespeople, who knew where Clover was employed, and readily trusted them. Sydney had thus taken upon himself to procure a sole for Clover's tea, and Biddy had cooked it whilst her mistress was working up-stairs.

"Oh, you extravagant boy!" said Clover, faintly. "Never mind, Syd—I am not vexed. You are a dear, and I shall soon earn some more money. I think I could sit a little at my easel this evening."

"No, indeed, my love," said her father; "no exertion to-night. Lie down on the sofa and rest yourself. It is good to see you here, my daughter. Sydney, pour out a cup of tea for your sister."

"Syd," whispered Clover, as he bent over her, "where is papa's chain? I know his watch went when you had the measles; surely that is not pledged?"

"Yes, sister; he took it one day because the doctor ordered you so many nourishing things; and, besides, once a physician came, you know, whose fee had to be paid directly."

Clover sighed, and looked lovingly at her poor, troubled father.

"How does your school-work get on, Syd?" she asked.

"Oh, famously! All the fellows say I'm sure to pass first. To-day fortnight, Clover! I think I dream of the twenty-first! Father, I sha'n't be much expense to you if I get into Earlcote School, shall I?"

"I intended to send you to Eton, my boy," said Mr. Searle, looking at him with the longing, sorrowful expression that told them all his mind was yearning after the past.

"Never mind, father—Earlcote's next best," returned Sydney, brightly. "How have I made the tea, Clover?"

The progress of Clover's convalescence was slow

and tedious, owing to the absence of aught to build up her strength. Having taken the domestic management again into her hands, she steadily economized as concerned herself, for she was quite dismayed to find how small items swelled the tradesmen's accounts. But at last she felt herself equal to her work of painting, and fervent hopes filled her heart as she took up her brush to continue "Sunrise," which she justly considered her *chef-d'œuvre*.

That very afternoon Sydney came home from school, reporting incidentally that he had gone home with a "chap whose little sister had scarlatina." Clover made him use some disinfectant ere he had tea, and thought no more of the matter. But during that night Sydney called to her in a frightened tone, and she went to his room, where she found his throat was very painful, and he said he felt "hot and queer."

She knew what it was before Dr. Dudley said "Scarlatina." It was only a mild case, but required much care and nursing, so as to prevent a draught from injuring the boy, who proved a very trying patient.

"I say, doctor," he cried, "you must get me up by Friday—it's our examination."

"You will not leave your bed for ten or twelve days, my lad," said the doctor, decisively, "unless you intend to commit suicide."

"O Clover!" came with a sob from the poor child.

Clover felt for him so much that she cried as well. And she had cause for her tears. She knew her nursing would preclude attention to her painting, and the exhibition day drew near.

CHAPTER IV.

JUST as Sydney bade good-bye to the doctor and came down-stairs daily, well-wrapped up from the draughts, trouble from another quarter fell upon the Searles.

One morning Mrs. Ferber—who had been greatly exasperated at receiving notice from hard-working Biddy—threw open the parlor door, and tossed her rent-book on to the table.

"I'll be glad to see the color of your money, Mr. Searle," said she, rudely; "I ain't a-going to wait no longer. I've had an offer for the rooms this very day; so pay up, or turn out."

Sydney, dozing slightly on the sofa, started and opened his eyes with a look of alarm. Clover grew quite indignant when she saw his sudden fright and the trembling agitation of her father.

"You forget yourself, Mrs. Ferber," said she, quietly.

"No, I don't, you dressed-up doll! I'm an honest woman, as pays her way, and not a powdered hussy as walks of an evening with strange London gentlemen! Ah, Miss, you didn't

know as my Charley spied you a-kissing and a-hugging in the woods!"

"Get out!" cried Sydney, fiercely. "How dare you insult my sister? You're drunk, I believe—I've seen you drunk before."

"Hush, Sydney, darling, pray!" whispered Clover, whose face was very pale. Then she turned to Mrs. Ferber and said: "You have nothing to do with our private affairs; as regards the rent, you are aware the arrears are caused by all the illness which has detained me from the pottery. I see we owe you five pounds; father, you must let Mrs. Ferber have the two pounds from the bank on Monday—"

"I promised next month's money to the baker, Clover," interrupted the old man, helplessly.

"He's a-going to stop your bread, he is," said Mrs. Ferber, "and I ain't to be put off no more than him."

"I hope to return to the pottery on Monday," said Clover, "and will then ask the cashier to advance me two or three pounds; I know he will—and when I am working again I shall soon discharge the rest of your account."

"I'll not wait a day," screamed the woman; "some of you will be taking to your beds again, and you'll make an excuse not to go to your work. What's become of the money for your picture, eh?"

"You know as well as I do, Mrs. Ferber, that I was unable to complete the work in time."

"Well, of all the idle chits! I should be ashamed if I was you, calling yourselves gentle-folks, to occupy decent lodgings, and yet you hain't got nothing in your pockets! But I says to my Charley this morning, 'I'm tired of the lot, and want to see their backs.' So pay me first thing to-morrow—in full, mind, or out you go, neck and crop. But I detains your boxes till you're out of my debt. And I hope you'll give your doctor your new address, for I don't want him coming here after you're gone, plaguing for his bill."

With these words, and a violent slam of the door, Mrs. Ferber withdrew, to abuse Biddy in the kitchen.

Mr. Searle rose hastily and retired to his own room, and Sydney cried himself into a deep sleep.

Clover, deep in sorrowful reflections, her pale, tired, wistful face on her little hands, did not hear the door reopen, nor was she conscious that Charles Ferber had entered till he called her softly, "Clover!" Then she flushed like a rose, and sprang up scornfully.

"How dare you presume, sir, to use my Christian name? Leave the room before I call my father!"

"He has gone out of doors, my dear girl, so that would be useless. Come now, be gentle, or you'll wake the boy."

Clover glanced at her brother, who had forgotten

his sorrows in sleep; she was indeed anxious not to awaken him, and her tones softened, though her looks took an added dignity.

"May I ask your business in our parlor?"

"Your parlor! Come! But I won't taunt you, Miss Searle, let us be the best of friends. My business here is to pay you a little visit; I hurried over my dinner on purpose. 'Pon my word, that violet ribbon is mighty becoming to you!"

"If your purpose is indeed friendly," said Clover, "you will prove it by deferring your visit to another time, when my father is here. I particularly wish to be alone, as I have much to consider and arrange."

"How to get the rent, eh? Look here, Miss Searle—my mother's a pretty tough sort of woman, but I can twist her round my little finger. Only say 'Yes,' and we'll tear up the rent-book, and wait for the arrears till convenient."

"What do you mean?" asked Clover, in wonder.

"Why, I can get mother to wait for her rent, and keep a still tongue in her head till doomsday, if I choose. And she'll do it, too, if you don't give me the cold shoulder. You've been a bit chilling of late, but I'll forgive and forget. Say you'll keep company with me, and we'll kiss and make up. 'Pon my word, Clover, we sha'n't make a bad-looking pair of sweethearts! You're the prettiest girl—"

He half-attempted to put his arm round her waist, and Clover struck it suddenly down with passionate force.

"Don't touch me! How dare you? If my father were here, you would not insult me so."

Sydney half-turned in his sleep, and afraid to say more, because of waking him, Clover moved nearer to his sofa, and bent over him, turning her back on Ferber.

"You proud little minx!" he cried, livid with rage. "You shall repent your treatment of me. I won't be said 'Nay' to by any girl alive. Out you go into the streets to-morrow! I'll force mother to keep her word; and then you'll come whimpering to me. You'll be sorry enough for your pride to-day, but I don't go courting you no more, not—"

"O Dr. Dudley!"

Clover rose with both trembling hands extended, and the doctor, a gray-haired, elderly man, took them slowly and gently into his own. He and Clover had become great friends by this time; and, oh, what a relief to her was his presence then!

"Is this man annoying you?" he asked, quietly, fixing his calm look on Ferber. But the young man strode out almost immediately, muttering, amid many wicked expressions, he would "have them out to-morrow."

Clover breathed afresh as he departed; but the reaction was too much for her, and, despite her

efforts, great tears filled her eyes as she tried to speak naturally to the doctor.

"I thought you had struck Sydney off the sick-list, doctor; but he will be glad to see you again."

"Do not rouse him, my child," said Dr. Dudley. "My visit to-day is to my former patient. Sit down and let me understand the reason of these pale looks that have troubled me very much of late."

"How kind you are!" said Clover, gratefully. "But I am quite well, thank you, and shall be still better next week, when I resume work. Do you think Sydney can return to school on Monday?"

"Scarcely, for fear of spreading infection; it is such a large school—and I shall not let Egerton (whose sister gave the disease to your brother) go back till the family has had a change."

"Sydney will fret," said Clover, sadly.

"Do you ever think of yourself, my child? Yet you are really unwell—your nerves unstrung, your constitution overstrained. I have a note for you from my mother, a very old but hale and hearty lady, who has been much interested in my mention of your family. We live, as you know, in a quiet, little farm-residence, a countrified place, all flowers and singing birds. We have so few visitors that when they come they are indeed most welcome. Now my mother urges you to come over for two or three weeks—all of you—and stay with us. It will be good for your father, and the boy, and you. You could easily take the loop-line to the pottery."

Clover read the warm, motherly invitation, and her tears flowed fast, as she said: "We shall be very glad to come. We are leaving these rooms to-morrow, and whilst we stay with you I can seek another lodging. Sydney will be so delighted. How good of your dear mother to ask us! And you, Dr. Dudley—when I think of all your attention and kindness—"

The doctor rose and came nearer to her, his grave, clever face strangely agitated.

"You owe me no thanks, my child. Let me speak to you now, and, if you desire it, I will never reopen the subject. Years ago I learnt to love, and my promised bride, a daily teacher, lost her life through exposure to the weather. I was sorrowfully reminded of her case when I was called to you, and the long-buried past has been again and again recalled by your girlish beauty and unselfish devotion to your family. You resemble her, my child. Forgive me if my dawning hopes seem folly to you. Will you come, dear, to be an old man's darling? Will you come to be the light of Home Farm? Never a breath of care shall touch my child-wife, Heaven permitting."

His gentle hand put back the pretty waves of hair from her forehead, and Clover, drawing it down, pressed her lips upon it. Only for one

instant did the vision of the home of peace and plenty for her father and brother tempt her young heart; then her love, her only love, shone out leaf and true.

"I should wrong you, dear friend, if I married you. I could not love you as a wife, because—because—"

"I see," said he, still more gently than before. "Heaven bless you, and give you happiness!" There was silence for a time; then he spoke again in his accustomed voice: "We shall expect you to tea to-morrow. I shall send the brougham over here for you all."

"I think," hesitated Clover—"perhaps it might be better—"

"Child," said he, earnestly, "be kind to me, and forget my folly. My mother knows nothing of my dreams—she will welcome you all as my friends. I shall be deeply hurt if you do not come."

"We will come then," said Clover, gratefully; and he went out, giving Sydney one quick, discerning look.

The boy slept on till past dinner-time; he did not wake till nearly three, and thus was not aware that Clover had taken no dinner, Mr. Searle being still absent. She gave him a little cold meat and bread, and then he sat up, and began to paint a bunch of roses Clover had sketched for him, his boyish spirits quite restored by the prospect of going to Home Farm.

Knowing his paint-box would sufficiently amuse him, Clover went down to Mrs. Ferber's room, and told that lady that they would arrange to leave the lodgings on the morrow.

"You leave your boxes, mind, and your father's pledge-tickets for his watch and chain!" screamed the woman. "I must have some security for my debt."

"Your debt will be discharged this evening," said Clover; and Mrs. Ferber laughed scornfully in disbelief.

Mr. Searle came in just as Clover had made the tea.

"Father, dear," said she, tenderly, "you look very tired; a cup of tea will refresh you. I have such good news for you. Dr. Dudley and his mother have invited us to stay with them at the Home Farm, and they are going to send the carriage for us to-morrow. It is such a pleasant place, papa."

"They are truly kind," returned the old gentleman, who looked sadly depressed, "but I do not like to leave this debt behind us. I have tried all day to sell the book of Italian sketches that Strachan gave me. I know it is valuable; but I have had to bring it back, for the highest offer was ten shillings."

"I am so sorry you have had so much walking," said Clover; "but I cannot regret that the book

of rare sketches is still yours. Do not worry yourself about the five pounds for Mrs. Ferber. I can provide it—really, papa."

The faces of father and son brightened; they had wonderful, infinite faith in Clover's resources.

She tried to keep up her spirits in their society; but, poor girl, when they had settled to a game at draughts, she once more, with a breaking heart, took her little diamond ring from its receptacle. This time she knew she must part with it forever; only its sale would pay Mrs. Ferber.

She could not afford to take the train to Brentham, so she started off to walk through the woods. They were beautiful with the rich, gold-brown hues of autumn, and ripe nuts hung in clusters overhead. But a few weeks since, and Frank had been with her there, resolutely pledging anew to her the vows made in her prosperity. He had seemed so true—and, now that nature smiled calmly, gloriously as ever, poor Clover felt the beauty of the scene almost cruel, for her Frank was false! Fain would she have lingered in the cool, shady wood-paths, but then Barham's would be shut—she must hasten onward. So she gathered a graceful bouquet of wild fern for her father, and was sorting the feathery, fronded sprays during her walk, when both her hands were caught, and the beautiful ferns were scattered upon the ground.

"I was coming to you, Clover, sweet. Why, darling, how ill you look!"

Sir Francis Strachan, whose left arm was in a leathern sling, never forgot the reproach in Clover's violet eyes.

"I will thank you to let me pass, Sir Francis; I wonder you dare to address me. But no doubt you think that in my present position, being no longer Miss Searle of Worcestead, I am to be insulted with impunity."

"How have I insulted you, dear?" he asked, anxiously. "I think I have most cause to feel offended, for I have not had a line from you since we parted on your threshold, though I besought you to write to me."

"You insulted us all," said Clover, still never meeting his eyes, because in his presence she could not trust the strength of her pride, "by promising to breakfast with us, and neither coming near us nor writing to us since. Do not think I wish to renew the former bond between us—you are free, now and ever; but I think, as a gentleman, you have failed in common courtesy toward us."

"Why, Clover, did you not get my letter?"

"Certainly not," said she. "Are you sure you wrote?"

"Of course I did, Clover sweet. Do you think I could willingly have caused you suspense and pain? What must you have thought of me all these weeks?"

"When did you write?" asked Clover, quicken-

ing her pace as she heard a church clock strike seven.

Sir Francis had turned and walked beside her.

"I wrote directly I reached my friend's house after leaving you that evening. I found an urgent telegram from my steward, telling me that my colliers down in the North were on strike for higher wages, and that there were great distress and disorder. Knowing what a strike means, from experience in Wales last year, I felt bound to go down directly, and I wrote to you before I went to bed, saying that I must leave by the early morning train, but would return to this neighborhood in a week at latest. I also wrote to Strachan House, bidding the housekeeper prepare it right worthily for the mistress it would now possess. I left this letter at Brentham Manor to be posted, but yours I meant to leave at your lodgings, so rose at an unearthly hour, disturbed a groom, and rode over through the rain. There was a young fellow taking in the milk; I gave the note to him."

"I never had it," said Clover. "Charles Ferber must have purposely kept it from me. I hear he saw you with me on the previous evening."

"I'll make him answer for his conduct then," exclaimed Sir Francis. "Clover, I thought you unkind not to write; but I believe you have been ill. Is it so?"

"Yes," replied she, "and Sydney, too."

"And so have I," said he. "One of the colliers thought fit to fire at me; but he only slightly injured my arm, and laid me up for a time. Now I have persuaded the men to listen to reason, and I have established a bank at Northam; the clergyman hopes that it will help them to become provident in their ways. The mine is working again, and directly the doctor gave his consent I hastened to you."

"Oh, does it hurt you?" asked Clover, tearfully.

"Forgive me, Frank!"

"Nothing hurts me, sweet, save your coldness. You are trembling, love. Why walk so fast?"

His right arm was round her, and he drew her down upon the stump of a tree as she told falteringly all the story of their trouble.

"But, Clover, would you indeed have sold that ring?"

"How could I help it?" she asked, sobbing.

"Dearest, I am not vexed—only deeply distressed that such sorrow should have been yours. Give me the ring, my own. There let it remain forever. Clover, kiss me!"

They went home in the light of the setting sun that glorified all the woods.

Next day such a happy party drew round Mr. Dudley's tea-table, bright with flowers and laden with delicacies, at the Home Farm. At the tea-tray sat the dear old lady, her white hair crowned

by a snowy cap, her wrinkled face beaming with kindness and hospitality.

Mr. Searle looked ten years younger; he was discussing politics with the doctor, who had told Clover, on hearing of her engagement, that she should be married from his roof.

Sydney was trying to tell Clover, with his mouth full of bread and honey, that Frank meant him to enter at Eton next term, and had promised him—"you don't believe it, Clover, but he did"—the living of Worcestead, if he deserved it.

And Clover, fairer than any flower in the doctor's most beautiful garden, sat with her blue eyes turned toward the open window.

Presently the gate swung open, and Sir Francis strode eagerly across the lawn. Clover went out to meet him.

"She will show him the flowers, I fancy," smiled Mr. Searle. "Yes, there they go, amongst the roses."

"So be it for them unto the end—together in fair places," said Dr. Dudley, looking after them, with his eyes speaking blessing.

UNSEEN WITNESSES.

THE old Greek sculptor patiently carved the lines of beauty. Yea, lines of duty, for should not his statue adorn the sacred temple near by? In love's name, day after day, he wrought out the ideal within him. Marble grew voiceful and soulful, beneath the magic touch of the chisel. Already the work seemed completed. Exquisite face and graceful form greeted the visitor to this humble studio; still the laborer passed every hour at his task. Wherefore? So asked a gay, young enthusiast, stepping in one morning. Wherefore such delicate care in modeling to be unseen of mankind? Such exact representation of marble hair? "For," said the youth, "your figure will stand high in the temple, against the blind, motionless walls. Imagine it there. No one now sees the fruit of your skill."

Slowly the old man turned and gazed at the sacred temple. The dark eyes flashed with unwonted fire; the brave, firm lips quivered with feeling; "his spirit imagined it there." Yet the boy at his side failed to fathom the thought that thrilled him; he awaited the answer to his word: "No one now sees the fruit of your skill."

It came. "But gods see it," affirmed the sculptor, clasping the chisel and resuming his work for the invisible.

That tireless carver had discovered, not only the secret of genuine art, but also of genuine living. The Pharisee, praying and giving alms that he "may be seen of men" is rearing a feeble structure. He neglects the foundation which, underground, is the essential support. He forgets

the beams and the hidden braces, without which his house must yield to the stroke of the wind. He scorns, and fatally, the unseen witnesses of his architecture.

"Thou God seest me." The insight of Jehovah is deep. He scanneth not surfaces merely, but ever beholdeth, with unerring vision, the obscure, the concealed, even to "the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Angels watch over us. The hosts of Heaven, gazing enraptured upon the face of God, bearing their golden harps beside the rivers of Paradise, do not despise the earthly beings yet to be made, if believing, like unto themselves. From Gabriel, the messenger, to the lowliest of these ministers of flaming fire, each desires to "look into" the condition of man, and to help him onward and upward.

May we hope that the spirits of the just made perfect, the redeemed beloved, already akin to seraphim and cherubim, still follow, from the parapets of the New Jerusalem, the movements of those whom they cheered in this world?

God, angels, glorified saints. These are the unseen witnesses whom we should delight to honor, for whom we should reveal the purest beauty, and perform the fullest duty. "K 12."

ROSEMARY.

LONG-FORGOTTEN faces haunt me,
Loving words come back to me;
Softly steals across my senses
Faint perfume of Rosemary.

Ah, that heap of faded letters
That I left unfolded there!
With the leaves still clinging to them,
And the long, bright tress of hair.

Nose, their dainty, graceful writer,
Called me once her dearest friend;
Saying, "Always in your letters,
You, rosemary-leaves must send."

Soon she wrote to me no longer,
And her face I never see,
Rosemary, "Thou art remembered."
Say, dost thou remember me?

EMMA LINN.

A MINISTER who felt proud of having converted a notorious Sabbath-breaker, happening to ask an old farmer if he did not find a great difference in his neighbor since he had joined the church, the latter replied: "Oh, yes. Before, he used to carry his axe on his shoulder when he went fence-mending on Sunday; now he carries it under his coat."

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*
A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBERT BERESFORD mounted his horse in the chilly gloom of a November evening. The last glimmer of twilight had disappeared in the west. The friend, with whom he had been dining, stood at the gate.

"I hope you have some sort of weapon about you in case of attack, Beresford?" he said.

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," replied the other, as he wheeled his horse around. "We are not in Italy, and the woods about here are not the haunts of brigands."

"But they are of tramps—a less picturesque variety of the genus, certainly. On the road between here and your house are some lonely places—just the sort of ground for any skulking villain who wouldn't mind shooting you for the chance of the money you might have about you. You had better let me bring out my pistol."

"No, thank you, Jack. It has come in my way, during the last dozen years, to deal with a good many desperate characters, but I never brought cold steel to enforce my arguments."

"Well, have your own way. I know you have nerve enough, old fellow, to face an army, single-handed. But when it comes to dealing with a highwayman, all the pluck in the world won't serve a man as well as a good revolver!"

"This savage talk might amaze me, Jack Leith, if I didn't know you were at bottom one of the softest-hearted fellows in the world! But I tell you assassins don't lurk in New England woods. I am not fool-hardy; I shouldn't go about defenseless if I imagined I was running risks—Jack, dear old fellow," suddenly changing his tone, "this visit has done me good, I feel as though our talk had taken eighteen years off me. It has carried me back to our old tramps in Italy, and our winter in the Roman villa, and those rare, old days in the Vatican galleries."

"I said then you were the best fellow in the world, Beresford. I hold my old opinion still."

The last speaker, as he stood by his friend's horse, showed a slender, medium-sized figure, and the outline of a thin, dark face with pleasant, eager eyes. He and Beresford had been college chums and had studied together at Rome. A strong friendship—the growth of years of intimacy—existed between the men. Jack Leith had won a name and a moderate fortune with his brush. On his return to America, three years before, he had purchased a pleasant little villa half a dozen miles from his friend's residence. The two who

had so many tastes in common, beside the old friendship, to draw them together, saw each other frequently.

"I had rather you than any living man should say that, Jack Leith!" Beresford replied to his friend's remark. "Will you be over next week, and bring Gertrude with you, and the little girl? She won't find her old playmate there; but we will do our best to amuse her. You can imagine, Jack, it pulled at my heart to let Phil go away. But I knew a couple of years abroad now would do more for him in the languages than ten would at a later period. So I compelled myself not to stand in his way, but I miss the young rogue every time I enter the house!"

"I can well believe that. If his absence would only drive you to your easel! Ah, Beresford to think of a fellow of your splendid promise turning into a Philistine!"

"But was it 'splendid promise,' Jack? There was the rule! If I had had no question in my own mind, be sure I should not at the critical moment have decided for the Philistine."

Jack Leith knew more than any other man of the circumstances which had at last inclined his friend to a business career. He had always regarded it as the most shameful waste of original power. In his secret soul he believed that had he been at hand, when the decisive moment came, his influence could have turned the scale.

He was silent so long, thinking of all this, that Beresford added: "If a man does what seems his highest duty, he may be mistaken, but he cannot be remorseful."

"But you are a rich enough man in all conscience by this time. Why do you go on sacrificing to Mammon? What hinders you from returning to your first love?"

"That is easier said than done, as you would know if you had tried to serve two masters, and one was Art and the other a partnership in a great Iron Firm."

"I should cut the partnership with a vengeance!"

"Perhaps not—such a good-hearted fellow as you are—if you saw that a great deal depended on your sticking to the helm—that if you let that go suddenly, a good many lives and fortunes might go to wreck also. When a man has been in business for a dozen years he is likely to find a thousand interests bound up with his own, and he can't always bring himself to sacrifice others for his pleasure."

"He cannot, if the man happens to be—my old chum! But we won't waste words. It always raises my fiend of a temper to think of what has gone to waste with you, Beresford!"

"Perhaps it won't prove to be all waste when the great audit is made up." And if there was something of sadness in the tones, there was yet

an under ring of victory in them. "Good-bye, Jack; you are a good fellow!"

"Good-bye, Beresford. God bless you!"

The two men grasped hands in a way that emphasized their last words, and then horse and rider dashed up the road.

It was four years since Robert Beresford had gone away in the budding May morning to find his dead wife in the hollow, and his motherless boy sitting with grave, puzzled eyes by her side, and the excited crowd around them suddenly growing still as he came up.

Of the horror of that time, of the bitter grief that followed, it is impossible to write. I cannot choose but think that over the blackest night of such a man's grief some stars of faith and hope will shine.

If the thought ever flashed across him that his great sacrifice mattered now little to her for whose sake he had made it, it was pleasant to reflect that her tender feet had always kept the primrose paths. The fair, delicate woman had never faced any of the bitter weather of poverty while she walked by his side.

Yet, for months that followed his wife's death, it seemed to Robert Beresford that all incentive to work of any sort had vanished.

His fortune was now ample for his own purposes, but partly because his long-neglected gift took its own revenge, and the old visions—the beauty and glory—did not revisit his imagination; and partly because his easel had such a cruelly tender association with that last talk before Stacey went away from him forever, he could not bring himself to take up a brush.

Perhaps it was well for him at this time that a sudden financial crisis intervened. The senior partner had an attack of apoplexy, and was too broken to attend to business. Beresford's energies rallied to meet the new strain on them. The house, largely owing to his foresight and skill, weathered the storm, and when a time of comparative leisure came, the heart of his youth—for he was still only a little past thirty—had rallied once more.

Life called to Robert Beresford—drew him with her own subtle influences on many sides. He began to feel the old hankering for palette and canvas; and he executed some work in landscapes which his friends praised; averring that he had not lost the old vigorous drawing—the fine handling of color: but the pictures were miserably unsatisfactory to the painter.

Had Robert Beresford followed his own inclinations he would probably, any day during the last three years, have retired from business. He remained in the firm for the reasons he had assigned to his friend, but he still looked forward to the time when his partnership should close, half-wondering whether that event would make him a

happier man, and half-believing it, when he said to himself:

"My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Philip's departure to spend some time with his aunt in Germany had cost his father's heart the sharpest wrench it had known since the boy's mother left him; but he would not indulge his feelings at Philip's expense.

The stillness of the autumn night was almost oppressive. All the sounds of summer-life—the voices of insects, the movement of leaves, the whirl of light wings had vanished. A breath of wind shivered occasionally through the bare branches. Overhead a few stars would glimmer doubtfully between the gray bulging masses of cloud and then disappear. It was a dark, sad sky which that night looked over a darker, sadder earth.

Robert Beresford had chosen the shortest route home. It carried him through a mile of dense, lonely woods. He had just entered these, and was going at a smart gallop when he suddenly drew his horse up; he had heard a cry. In a moment he heard it again. It was a little louder this time, perhaps a little nearer, but there was no mistaking it. It was the cry of a human voice for help. It seemed half-smothered at times, like one in mortal peril, and then broke through the night—a wail of anguish and terror.

The sound seemed to come from the right. The woods, pierced in every direction by footpaths, lay on the edge of the town, and when the rider entered them, he had left the last farm-house half a mile behind him.

Robert Beresford did not pause for a second thought. All the man's generous instincts aroused, he dashed ahead at that cry of human need. He knew the ground perfectly. Dark and lonely as it seemed now, with the bare, black branches stretching weirdly over him, he had ridden under them when happy summers draped them with all the life and beauty of leaves. In any case, too, the man's nerves were a stranger to fear. Had the place been utterly new to him, he would have gone in search of that cry. He spurred his horse deeper into the thick shadows, then he drew up suddenly and sprung off, plunging into a little footpath on his right. Once or twice he heard the cry again. Each time it grew nearer.

There was a sudden trampling of heavy feet; and three men sprung out of the woods close to him. He heard a sound of oaths, the click of a pistol. In an instant it was all clear to him. The cries for help had only been a ruse to decoy him into the woods. The wretches had succeeded too well. Robert Beresford took in the whole situation, saw his whole peril in a flash. He stood there, unarmed and helpless, at the mercy of three

desperate men who probably had made up their minds to shoot him.

He was a brave man, as I said, but his heart suddenly knocked at his ribs, and he must have grown white about the lips. He remembered afterward thinking to himself: "It can only be death at the worst, and if it has come now I will meet it like a man!"

Then he spoke, expecting that a shot would put an end to his words. The men were so close to him that he caught the evil glitter of their eyes in the darkness; he felt, rather than saw, the powerful, hulking figures.

"You want to rob me," he said. "It will be easy to do that. But you will make nothing by killing me."

His voice had just the same quiet key it had when he addressed some angry crowd of hands at the works. It would probably have had its effect now, had the men not been maddened by drink.

There was another outburst of oaths—a pistol fired by an unsteady hand, for the murderous aim missed the man standing there in the darkness. At that instant the clouds drifted apart, and a large, low moon shone through a thin, gray veil of mist. The pale light broke through some oak-boughs, and outlined the heavy, slouching figures huddled close together, and the form—taller and slenderer by contrast—of the man who stood there awaiting his doom at the hands of a trio of desperate, drink-maddened villains.

The brightest glimmer of that pale, swift, vanishing moonlight suddenly touched Robert Beresford's face. The next moment there was a cry, a sort of yell of recognition, amazement, horror! One of the men sprang forward and struck down the pistol of his comrade.

"You shall kill me first, you dog!" shouted a hoarse, frenzied voice, and a moment later it was calling: "Run for your life, man, or these devils will have it!"

Quicker than thought, Robert Beresford turned. The sudden bewilderment of the villains at the defection of one of their number had given him a chance. With a blind instinct he fled now as a man can only flee when his life hangs on seconds. The darkness and his knowledge of the woods aided him. He heard the pistols again, the horrible oaths, the yells of baffled rage, the trampling of heavy feet, and he knew his pursuers were on his track. But those few moments had been everything in his favor. He darted from the footpath into the road, he leaped on his horse. The creature had been frightened by the firing and, an instant later, would have rushed off without her driver. She dashed furiously ahead now. It was a race for life or death through the bare, old woods, between the pale glimpses of the moon.

An hour later Robert Beresford was in his library. He lay on the lounge to which he had dragged himself on his return. His strong nerves had had a

terrible shock. He had faced the peril as only a brave man could, but the reaction had come, and he was terribly shaken by what had passed.

The scene in that woods had not occupied more than three minutes. The man saw that when he looked at his watch. His escape seemed almost a miracle. There could be no question of the villains' deadly intent. They must have been on the watch—have learned by some means that he would go through the woods that night. Their original purpose, no doubt, was to rob him, but drink had roused all their bad blood, and in their mood of savage frenzy they meant to kill him.

One of the highwaymen had recognized him. There was no mistaking that cry. It came from the man's soul. What did it all mean? There were men—hardened, desperate—for whom Robert Beresford had done kind deeds—to whom he had spoken cheering, helpful words. Had one of these men caught sight of him and remembered?

Then the man, lying on the lounge, and asking himself these questions, began to wonder whether it were not all a dream. The whole thing had been so sudden, so stunning! Had he dropped asleep and had a touch of nightmare?

Not quite sure in his own mind, he attempted to rise from the lounge. Then a terrible pain shot through his right arm. His wrist was quite stiff. Every movement of his hand tortured him. Beresford remembered now what he had quite forgotten—that the foremost of the villains who rushed out of the dark had dealt him a heavy blow with his pistol. Evidently the scene in the woods had been something more than a nightmare.

When the surgeon came to examine the wrist, he found some of the small bones broken. Beyond the present pain and inconvenience, no serious harm had been done.

The next morning, policemen searched the woods. They found nobody there. At the point where the tragic scene of the night before had occurred, the grass had been trampled by heavy feet, the underbrush was broken and scattered. Several bullets lay among the leaves.

Before noon Jack Leith heard of the attack, and rode over in great alarm. He listened, with white lips, but almost without a word, to his friend's story. When all was told, he did not once say, "I was right, you see;" or, "You ought to have taken my pistol, Beresford."

CHAPTER VIII.

LESS than a year after Lenox Dare left Briars—wild, the sad tidings of Mrs. Mavis's death had crossed the sea. The cheery, active spirit long upheld the waning strength. The close of the bright, helpful life was almost painless.

"It will hurt Lenox cruelly," the mother said to her son in their last talk together, "because

she was not with me at this time. Tell my little girl I charged her not to grieve. It was best so. I was growing an old woman, Ben, my boy, though you didn't see it. I don't fear the dying, now it is close to me; only I'm sorry for you, dear—you and Dorrice." And she turned to the tearful young face that had been bending over her bedside through all these days.

Some thought, which she did not speak, struck the sick woman at that moment. She lifted her hand feebly, and stroked the girl's. Then she laid those soft fingers in her son's palm.

"Be good to Dorrice!" she said.

He bowed his head; he could not speak at that moment. The next day he was head of the Mavis homestead.

Less than a month afterward, Dorrice Croysey had a letter in an unknown hand from the West. Her brother—her last relative—was dead.

Young Mavis, coming on the girl suddenly, found her in the first passion of her grief.

"I am all alone—all alone in the world!" she said, as he entered the room.

It was a cry of hopeless agony. It went to his heart. She stood before him, holding out the letter, her eyes strained, the roses withered out of her cheeks.

Ben half-led, half-carried her to a seat. He took the letter from her cold hands and glanced over the contents. His own heart, almost broken with its recent grief, yearned over the stricken girl.

"I will take care of you, Dorrice," he said, and his manly tones were soft with pity. "You shall never be alone in the world; you shall have a home here so long as I live."

Did she hear what he said? He could not tell. He only saw the wild, tearless eyes staring at him. In a moment she broke out again with that wailing cry: "I cannot stay here. I was going to John. But he is dead, and now there is no place for me in the world!"

Those words—the outbreak of agony and despair—let in a sudden light on Ben Mavis. He had never given a thought to Dorrice's going away; he had taken for granted that she would stay on as before; but he saw now the impossibility of her doing so. Her own delicacy had warned the girl. Some intimate friends of the family had, for the young people's sake, remained at the homestead after Mrs. Mavis's death. They would leave in the course of the next month. Without consulting Ben, Dorrice had made up her mind to go away at the same time. She intended to join her brother. Under that fair girlish guise was a brave heart and a spirit that would nerve itself to any duty. But the strong arm on which she could have leaned had suddenly failed. In all the wide world there was no shelter for the white, smitten creature before whom Ben Mavis stood that

morning with dumb, unutterable sorrow in his face.

All of a sudden the look flashed across him which he had seen in his mother's eyes the day before she left him. He was overwhelmed with grief at the time, and it had no meaning for him beyond what lay on the surface. He had not recalled it since, but he knew now by some flash of intuition what must have been in his mother's dying thought. It had been in Lenox Dare's when they walked together that last night in the November gloom.

Dorrice was hardly aware of his presence. She had let him lead her to the lounge, not knowing what he did. And now she sat there, bolt upright, her wild eyes staring into vacancy. If he could only bring some life into that marble face.

But he must be sure of himself before he spoke. He saw, with his clear, strong sense, how all the future of both might hang on the next few minutes. He would act wisely for Dorrice, for himself. He thought of all she had been at Briarswild—of her sunny nature, her winsome ways. He thought what a double desolation would fall upon the house when the bright presence and the sweet young face should have vanished from the silent old rooms. He remembered Dorrice's devotion to his mother through those last days whose darkness still hung all about him—his mother who had died wishing that Dorrice might take the place she left vacant in her home—in her son's heart.

Ben Mavis thought, too, in that hour of the woman across the sea—of all she had been—of all she could never be to him.

"But if another woman, fair and sweet, and bowed to the earth by her sorrow, would lift up her head once more—if he could persuade her to come and sit by the lonely hearthstone of his life, and be a blessed, consoling presence there—" His heart thrilled at that thought. All his strong, generous manhood yearned toward the maiden. In her weakness and grief, she grew dear and sacred in his eyes.

Ben Mavis had walked across the room for three or four minutes. But there are moments—the greatest in life—when a man's heart and brain seem to live years.

Young Mavis turned at last and came back to Dorrice. He had made up his mind.

"Dorrice," he said, taking her cold hands in his, and looking into her bright, tearless eyes, "the home here is not more mine than yours. I cannot let you go away into the wide, lonely world. What would you do there, you little, soft, fragrant flower of a woman? You have been my greatest help and comfort through all my bitter grief, though I have never told you so—never even thanked you. And now your trouble has come, it is my turn. Will you let me try what I can do for you? Will you give me the right to share

your sorrows? I will be good to you, Dorrice. I promise you that, as I promised my dying mother. Let me see you look up; let me hear you say we will stay together—we will comfort each other."

The suddenness of her grief had almost stunned her. She stared at him with bewildered eyes. He must make his meaning quite clear to her.

"I ask you, Dorrice Cropsey, to stay here as my wife!"

At those words she rose to her feet. The slow color came into her pallid cheeks. It took her a minute or two to realize the question which his lips had asked, and which his eyes, still holding hers, repeated.

But the joy that came so swift on grief was half a pain. She did not speak. A look answered him—such a look as only once in a lifetime heart and soul can flash into a human face. It told Ben Mavis what he had never dreamed before; what Lenox had learned long ago; what his mother's dying eyes had caught a glimpse of.

"My poor little girl!" he said, and he put his arms around Dorrice.

The winds might blow as they listed now. The maiden had found her shelter in the strength and tenderness of that manly heart.

All this had happened before Lenox had been a year from Briarswild. Mr. Apthorp found the settlement of his affairs in England more difficult than he had anticipated. Had less been at stake for his niece, he would have left the business in the hands of his lawyers, and saved himself a good deal of wear and tear at this time.

The tastes of the two were not extravagant; but their life abroad had made heavy draughts on the fortune which Mr. Apthorp had brought from the East Indies. All this, however, he had sedulously kept from Lenox. He had his own reasons now for wishing to place his property in secure and easily-managed investments. His niece did not imagine with what almost boyish eagerness her uncle looked forward to their return to his native land, or how keen was his disappointment as he found his hope delayed from month to month. He had a slight cough, too, and they had twice to winter in the south of France.

The tidings of Mrs. Mavis's death could not fail to overshadow Lenox's last stay abroad. She had lost the only mother she had ever known. No other love could take the place of that in the girl's heart.

A little later came tidings from Briarswild of the engagement of the young people, and of their marriage a month later. To know that Dorrice Cropsey was mistress of Briarswild fulfilled the dearest wish of Lenox Dare's heart.

Nobody ever knew with just what feelings Ben Mavis laid down her letter of tender, exultant congratulations. It had been his fate—perhaps his

misfortune—that he loved her in a way that he never could love another woman. But in all the years to come he never doubted that he was a happier man with Dorrice Cropsey for his wife than he ever could have been with Lenox Dare.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was almost two years since Lenox and her uncle went away from Briarswild. They were in their own land now, under their own roof tree. They had been here less than a month; yet it had begun already to seem home to them in a way which no other place could—not even the Mavis homestead.

The two had returned a little before midsummer. They stayed awhile at Briarswild. The place was vacant, the voice silent for which Lenox had always looked and listened first. But the old home was full of a new happiness. Ben and Dorrice had not been married a year. How fitly she took her place as the mistress of the fair old homestead! The glow in her cheeks rivaled her maiden bloom. The gladness in her eyes outshone the girlish archness. She was one of those women whose mission it is to make home blessed and happy. She reminded one of that beautiful old myth of Vesta. It seemed as though the hearth-goddess must have smiled on Dorrice from her birth—must have blessed her with all household gifts and graces. Ben, watching his young wife's face as it shone about the house, or sparkled and dimpled by his side, said to himself: "What should I do without you, Dorrice?" Sometimes he repeated the thought to her.

And Dorrice would answer, with a little quiver in her voice: "What should I have done without you, Ben?"

An English gentleman, who had lived for several years in America, crossed the sea with Mr. Apthorp and his niece. He was returning to his family, from whom he had been called by the sudden death of a relative. They would all go back to their native land after he had disposed of a home which he had built during his residence in the States. The house was an English cottage. Its owner described it as a bit of picturesque, rural architecture in the midst of some pretty landscape gardening.

It appeared that this house stood less than a mile from the beach, and within two of the town where Mr. Apthorp was born. For the last years he had been looking forward to settling down under his own vine and fig-tree as the summit of all his earthly hopes and ambitions. He was so attracted by his fellow-passenger's description of his home that he agreed to visit it within a fortnight after they should have set foot in America.

All this time Lenox was kept in profound

ignorance of her uncle's plans. She rallied him occasionally for his hobnobbing with the Englishman. She was, like everybody else, quite in the dark when her uncle, the week after his return, made some excuse on leaving Briarswild for two or three days.

He found the Englishman's place all that its owner had described. Indeed, it almost seemed to Mr. Apthorp that some kindly genie had created the whole thing for his sake, the house and the grounds were so well adapted to his tastes and requirements.

The day after he visited the place, the bargain which made him its owner was concluded.

Tom Apthorp afterward planned a great surprise for his niece. During the remainder of the summer, which she passed at Briarswild, he never alluded to his new purchase. One day, early in the autumn, when they had come for a brief visit to Boston, he drove her a few miles out of the city, along the pleasant beach-roads, and at last brought her to the cottage-grounds. Lenox followed him, surprised and curious, when he insisted on her alighting at the door. He led her into the house. She had no sooner crossed the threshold—wondering what he was about—whom they were going to see in this pretty bower, among green terraces and lovely foregrounds of lawn and shrubbery—when he put the keys into her hands, and saluted her as mistress of the castle.

That was six weeks ago. Since that day the two had lived under this roof. From the first, it had been simply a "coming home" to them.

The house had been built after the pattern of a quiet English country house. Its color was a pale gray, and it stood, broad and rather low, among the honeysuckles, and ivies, and creepers that half covered it. The grounds were not large, but their slopes of terraces, their twisting paths, the skillful grouping of shrubberies, made wonderful effects of breadth and distance. Pretty rustic work was scattered about. The flower-beds and knolls were a mass of gorgeous, late summer-bloom.

Inside nothing seemed wanting. The former owners had gathered into their sea-side nest, as they loved to call it, everything that could add to its home coziness or comfort. The rooms were few, and large and sunny, with all sorts of pretty little nooks opening out of them. The furnishings were simple, but in perfect taste; the cool, gray tones brightened everywhere with flecks of color.

It was not a grand home to which Tom Apthorp had, at the end of their wanderings, brought his niece. His means would not admit of his doing that; his tastes had never inclined to splendor. But it was to her an idyllic spot—this gray nookery hedged in green—where she could listen to the voices of the sea in stormy weather, and where an atmosphere charmed with home-rest and happiness surrounded her.

They hung the walls with their own pictures and engravings. There was ancient china, and all sorts of lovely and curious things—gathered in their long life abroad—to arrange about the rooms. Lenox had a woman's delight in this sort of work. It was an utterly new sensation to find herself the mistress of her own house.

Her uncle, watching her with quiet enjoyment as she moved about the rooms arranging the draperies, disposing her treasures, would say: "How naturally and gracefully you do it, my dear! One would suppose you had been at this sort of thing all your life. Have you a gift at housekeeping, after all?"

And Lenox would laugh gayly and say: "It is only an instinct, Uncle Tom. All women have it. I never had a fair chance at indulging mine before."

And now the two sat together one evening in the heart of October, just six weeks after Lenox had first crossed the threshold. The windows were open; the night was warm, as though it lingered on the skirts of summer. The miracle play of the autumn had begun, and the coppices and woods were in their livery of scarlet and gold, holding their brief day of pomp and splendor of color, while the winter and the north wind, a little way off, were biding their time. A low, reddish moon looked in through the clumps of evergreens. A dim light burned in the corner of the wide, rather low-studded sitting-room. The two always came here to pass their evenings. Its lounges, its easy-chairs and all its graceful furnishings, made it seem like the very heart of the dainty home.

Lenox, seated a little way from her uncle, wore a white dress that night. When the evergreens stirred, the moonlight glimmered in her hair or over the hands lying idly in her lap. In the dim light she made a central radiance. In the silence her uncle watched her.

"Uncle Tom," she said, speaking her thought at last, "can you conceive of two happier human beings than you and I are to-night?"

"If there should be such, you and I would not envy them, Lenox."

"Envy them! When I can look out on that big, jostling Vanity-Fair of a world from such a little heaven of a hermitage as this!"

"I like to hear my little girl talk in that fashion—to know she is so happy!"

"You are the dear magician, Uncle Tom, who has made my good fortunes. I am only half afraid that I shall awake some morning and find that house and grounds were only a bit of enchantment—that the whole has vanished into thin air!"

He laughed. "You may dismiss all thoughts of that sort, my dear. I have given the foundations a thorough inspection. They are solid English work. They will last a couple of centuries."

"Then they will serve more purposes than ours. But you cannot be surprised that the whole thing has a little uncanny look in my eyes. Remember how you brought me here—what a surprise it all was! It was not in the natural order of things. It had more the air of romance and of magic than of common daylight; and yet—" She paused there.

"It struck me just then," she continued, in a slightly lower tone, "that all the best things in my life had come in this way—with a touch of the marvelous about them. You were a great surprise to me, Uncle Tom."

"I have not the least doubt of that, my dear."

Something in his tone made her sorry for that last remark.

"Such a great, blessed, unutterable surprise!" she added, laying her soft hand on his own.

He held it a moment before he spoke.

"We have put into a snug little harbor after our wanderings, Lenox. I have a curious feeling about it, too. Half the time I forget that I am an old man. I walk among these scenes, and ramble about the rocks and shore off there, and am just a careless, merry-hearted boy again. I can understand now the feeling which brings a man to end his days where he began them."

This last remark gave Lenox a vague uneasiness.

"How glad I am," she said, "that you and I are come to anchor, as you call it, on the spot where you and dear mamma were born! What a fresh interest and fascination your stories will have for me now I can stand in the very places where they all happened! We will watch the summers in and the winters out in this fairy bower! I shall never want to leave it, except to visit dear old Briarswild."

"Summers and winters!" repeated her uncle to himself. "I used to talk of them in that fashion, and they seemed an infinite procession to me."

"Why should they seem anything else now?" asked Lenox, in a little irritated tone.

"My dear," he answered, "do you know that I am an old man?"

"I know there is nothing that exasperates me so much as having you call yourself one! There isn't the slightest suggestion of old age about you."

"What, not with my gray poll and snowy beard?" he said, gayly. "Don't you see I might sit for a picture of old Time with his scythe?"

She laughed, resolved to treat this remark as a jest.

"Twenty years from this time—not eight, as you once said to me, Uncle Tom—I will answer your question. But I don't want to talk of a remote future. I am in love with the present—with life and happiness to-night."

The man gazed at the beautiful, glowing crea-

ture as she sat before him in her white dress, with that witchery of moonlight in her hair.

"Life and happiness are good," he answered.

"I cannot find it in my heart to say of them to-night what the wisest of men once did, 'This also is vanity.'"

"Uncle Tom," said Lenox, in a tone of decided petulance, "I do believe you are half an old Greek at bottom. We are so happy to-night, you fear lest the gods should envy us, and you look serious, and make these solemn reflections in order to placate them."

"No, Lenox, it is not Greek superstition—it is an old man's experience this time."

"There it goes again! Uncle Tom, why will you cling so obstinately to this fiction of your old age?"

"Is it wholly a fiction, Lenox, when I am a good deal past sixty? Have I not, at least, reached a point when, as Dante says,

'Each behooves

To lower sails and gather in the lines?'"

"Sixty is a mere bagatelle," replied Lenox. "Colonel Marvell was more than twenty years older than you are, and I never remember his calling himself an old man."

"A man's years are not always the test of his age. The Apthorps are not a long-lived race. You may hold out better, Lenox. You have a good deal of the old Dare stock in you."

As he made this remark, Lenox turned suddenly and looked at her uncle. Was it the flickering moonlight which gave him that thin, shadowy look? It struck her now for the first time.

"Uncle Tom," she asked, suddenly, "are you feeling quite well?"

"Tolerably so; only a good deal of the old spring has gone out of me. That long illness in India is at the bottom of it. I have held out bravely through all these years; but I never quite got over the terrible shaking of that time."

Lenox listened, with a shadow stealing over her joyous mood. Twice in her life the cold finger of death had touched her heart. Once, when a little child, she saw Colonel Marvell lying before her with his still, white face; and again when the tidings came from Briarswild. The one sadness that had lain at the heart of these happy weeks, had been the thought that Mrs. Mavis's pleased eyes could never glance about these rooms—could never follow her darling with loving pride about her new home.

"Uncle Tom," said Lenox, coming over suddenly and laying her hands on his shoulders with the old gesture, which always made him think of a dove's white wings settling there, "have you been to see a doctor of late?"

"Yes, my dear."

"When was it?"

"Before we left England."

"Did he say anything—O Uncle Tom—I am afraid to ask!"

"You will not be so weak as that, my child. There is nothing dreadful to tell, either. The doctor only said, what I knew before, that the old life in India, and the sickness with which it closed, had strained the timbers a good deal. In plain English, that I must take care of myself."

"Uncle Tom," burst out Lenox, as a sudden wave of fear swept over her heart, "if you were to leave me I should be all alone in the world! I could not live if you should—" She stopped there.

"Say it out bravely, my darling—if I should die. We will not be afraid of a word. And in any case I may outlive you—you sitting there in the flower of a womanhood whose glowing bloom it seems no frosts can ever touch."

"But if you should go first—if I should be left here all alone!" and she clung to him and shivered.

"And if I went last, what should I do without my little girl? But when our turn comes—yours or mine—I hope the one who is left on the hither shore will have grace and courage to say, 'It will be but a little while. It is the will of God.'"

She had thrown herself on an ottoman at his feet, and laid her cheek on his knee.

"Now hold up your head, my dear, and don't let me see you a shade less glad because I am not quite as spry as I was forty years ago."

In all these ways he tried to comfort her—to soothe her fears. He partly succeeded. But, looking back afterwards, Lenox knew that the shadow which had fallen across the threshold that night had never quite vanished from it.

The next week the Mavises came. Happy times followed their advent. The soft, pensive loveliness of the Indian summer lingered long that year around the New England coast. Mr. Apthorp brightened wonderfully at this time. It was all owing to his native air, he insisted. He was never tired of carrying the young people about to the old haunts of his boyhood. In the evenings they would gather in the sitting-room, and while the falling leaves made a melancholy rustle outside, he would fascinate his little audience with stories more delightful, his niece thought, than those with which he used to charm them when he first came to Briarswild.

The visitors were almost as charmed with the new home as Lenox herself.

"How perfectly it all suits you!" Ben would say, with something unfathomable in the gaze that followed her moving about in her new rôle of hostess.

"What a noble man Ben was! What a sweet woman Dorrice!" Lenox was always thinking to herself as she watched the pair. "How perfectly they suited each other!"

A great happiness shone under the long-fringed lashes of Dorrice's violet eyes. She had told Lenox, long before, the story of their sudden betrothal.

"Such a night as that was!" she said. "Such a morning as broke into it!"

One day, when Dorrice had been amusing her husband and Lenox with all manner of quaint, arch speeches, she suddenly glided off on some errand, leaving the pair alone. Lenox noticed the tender glance with which Ben followed the retreating figure. Then he turned and met Lenox's eyes. She laid her hand on his.

"I was right, Ben," she said. "Dorrice was the one woman in the world for you."

He knew she was alluding to her talk that last night at Briarswild.

"Yes, I think she was, Lenox," he answered.

But though the two women were always talking about him, Lenox never told Dorrice of the secret she had surprised one day. And in her husband's heart there was one hidden door to which Dorrice Mavis never had the key.

CHAPTER X.

THE Mavises stayed twice as long as they had intended. Just after they left the first snow came. Mr. Apthorp had been dreading these a little, not for his own sake, but for his niece's, after all her years of summers; but she looked out on the

"Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere,"

from her warm, bright-colored nest, and was as happy as any bird that would sing the next June.

Old friends and neighbors of the Apthorps who still lived in the vicinity came to see them. They often had guests from the city, only twelve miles away. But the two, with all their social instincts, could not be drawn away from their own roof-tree that winter. Was it altogether because they were so happy as to have no longing for the great world outside, or because, as Lenox would have said, Uncle Tom was not quite strong this winter?

She was forced at last to admit this to herself. She hung about him with an anxiety pathetic to those who understood it. But she did not see, as strangers did, how his step grew a little slower, and the lines in his thin face sharper day by day. A little "hectoring" cough that set in during the autumn got deeper and hoarser; and when March came, with angry skies and battling winds, Uncle Tom could barely crawl down-stairs to the grate-fire where he sat all day. But he was still quite his old self, talking and jesting at times, even about his turning into such a molly coddle, but often there was a look in his eyes, when they followed Lenox, which he took care she should never see. He let her cheat her heart with all

sorts of slight reasons for his illness—perhaps he tried at times, for her sake, to deceive himself.

"It is all this horrible climate, Uncle Tom!" she would say, when there was no longer any disguising the truth. "Of course it was madness for you to think of weathering one of these New England winters after your twenty years in the East Indies. We must spend our next winter in Florida."

"I believe the climate is at the bottom of it all," he sometimes answered. "Evidently it is too rough a coast for my old bones."

No doubt he partly made himself believe it, but after awhile he ceased to say that.

One evening in the last of March she brought him the newspaper. He had been unusually feeble for several days. This one he had spent on the lounge, listening, when he was not talking with Lenox, to the distant muffled thunder of the waves. A high wind which was blowing carried the sound far in shore.

"I like to hear it," he said to Lenox, in the morning. "The sound of the tide brings such a flood of old memories with it."

To-night, when she handed him the paper, he waived it aside.

"No, thank you," he said. "I don't feel like reading just now. Sit down here, Lenox, and let us have a talk together."

She threw herself on the low ottoman by the great easy-chair, in which he was reclining. In all her talk she had treated his illness as a kind of jest. That had hurt him more than any tears, because he knew what unacknowledged ache and fear lay under the lightness.

"We are on the edge of April, Uncle Tom," she said. "We shall have milder weather now, and you will soon be out again."

"Lenox," said her uncle, softly, but very gravely, "it is not the weather that ails me!"

She moved uneasily. "Don't say it is anything worse than that, Uncle Tom!" she cried, in a voice which made it doubly hard for him to say something he had been all that day making up his mind must be said.

"Lenox," he asked, after a little pause, "do I look like a man who is going to get well with a little milder weather?"

She turned without a word and looked at him. It seemed as though something compelled her. She saw the white head lying against the crimson of the easy-chair; she saw the sharpened features, the gray shadows on the face, the bright, sunken eyes looking at her with unutterable love and pity. As she gazed, her lips grew pale. She stared on with a kind of fascinated terror while the truth, from which heart and brain recoiled, forced itself upon her.

"O Uncle Tom—Uncle Tom!" It was a cry of exceeding agony. The iron had entered her soul!

His hand was on her head, his soft, tender, restraining voice in her ears.

"Is that the way to take it, Lenox—the way for my sake?"

She stared about the room like a creature driven to bay. An awful sense of loneliness, of desolation to come swept over her.

"It will kill me, Uncle Tom," she cried out, in sharp, broken tones; "it will kill me to be left without you!"

"I know it seems like that now; but if God has willed that you should live, Lenox—if He has something in His world that cannot be done without you."

She burst into a terrible sobbing. She was not given to weeping; but now a tempest shook the very roots of her being. She tried several times to speak, but always ended in a sharp cry: "My heart will break! It will break!"

Her uncle did his best, with soothing words and soft reproofs to calm her. At last she grew quieter and sat at his feet, pale and still, with the cold at her heart.

"I had expected better things of my little girl," he said. "If she fails me like this I cannot say—what I have on my mind to-night."

"But you may get well, after all, Uncle Tom," clutching wildly at a hope which her heart yet belied.

He shook his head. "No, Lenox; let us not try to deceive ourselves. The end may not be so near as I sometimes think; but—it is coming!"

She looked in his face—and she knew!

"I should not mind, Lenox," he went on, in a little while, "if it were not for leaving you all alone. I feel a good deal as Charles Kingsley about 'kindly death's setting one off on a new start somewhere else.' I see where I haven't made the best of my chances here."

"Think what you have made me—what you have been to me, Uncle Tom."

"I shall be glad to tell your mother—my poor Evelyn—if I see her first, how you said that. I shall have to confess to a long, terrible neglect, Lenox!"

"Don't, Uncle Tom, don't!"

In this way, the talk he had been dreading opened. It went on for hours; so that it would be quite impossible to write all that was said that night. Into the pauses of the talk came the clamor of the wind—the far-off voices of the sea. The soft light shone upon the white, sharpened face of the old man, on the snowy hair and the glittering beard, and on the beautiful head of the woman at his feet.

"I might have put this talk off until another time, Lenox," said her uncle. "This old hulk of mine may hold out through a good many storms yet; but I have some things to say while my mind is quite clear. You would not want me to wait

for dread of hurting you and then feel it was too late?"

Her head moved a little in answer.

He began then, quite steadily and calmly, to speak of her future without him. His whole talk showed how carefully he had forestalled everything; how all his plans had been made—even to the smallest details—with the nicest regard to the ease and comfort, the needs and tastes he understood so thoroughly.

"I am sure you will like best to live on here, Lenox, in the home where you and I have passed these happy months—it would be pleasanter now than to go back—even to Briarswild?"

She answered him with a glance. Her voice was too full of tears to trust it.

"I shall not leave you a rich woman, Lenox, but you will have a sure income of a few thousands. And this will keep you very comfortably with the two or three servants you will want to carry on the house. Should you require a man's counsel or help—you will always have young Mavis to rely on—a better friend than most brothers."

He went over all the details of her life, dwelling upon each in a way that showed how his wisdom and thoughtful care had provided for every emergency.

And afterward he said some tender, solemn words which she who heard will remember longest of all. "I know how it seems to you now, my darling. You think it will be too hard to bear—that it must kill you, too! I know your heart will be cruelly wrenched, and that it must have its own way for awhile, but I charge you, when I am gone, not to grieve for me long and hopelessly. Open all the doors of your soul. Let all the life and beauty of the world where God holds you back for awhile—at the farthest it can be only a little while—draw you softly, comfort you tenderly! I have a feeling, too, that there is some work for you to do yet in the world—that somebody may need you; somebody for whose sake you will be glad that you lived when I went away and left you! And when you are, you will look back and remember this talk, and say, 'Uncle Tom was right!'"

This was a part—only a very small part—of all that he said to Lenox that night; and in all the pauses of his talk she heard the cries of the wind outside—the distant voices of the sea. She heard them always when she remembered that night, and how she sat there, silent, and stunned, and desolate, and listened until it was long past midnight.

In the weeks that followed, Uncle Tom rallied a good deal. He moved once more about the house, with a halting step, it is true, but he was quite his old self, full of interest in what was going on around him, telling his stories and having his jests with Lenox.

Her heart rallied, too. The cold shadow that

had fallen on her soul grew lighter. She hoped, after all, that Uncle Tom was not going to die. She still clung to her old fancy that the summer, which was slowly coming that way, would work wonders for him. She never alluded to the talk they had together that night. Neither did her uncle.

One morning, early in May, she went out for a walk. She was gone longer than she expected. The blue haze upon the distant hills, the soft, pink blush of the budding maples, the tender green which was yet hardly more than a dreamy mist about the boughs, and a nameless life, and thrill, and scent in the air drew her on into quiet old roads and sunny lanes.

She came home at last with a glow in her cheeks and a wonderful light in her eyes. She went straight to the sitting-room. Her uncle was in his easy-chair just as she had left him.

Lenox had found a small robin's nest in a lane where the winds had shaken it from the trees. In a sunny corner of a little coppice, half a mile away, she had come across a few blossoms of trailing arbutus, and some ferns that had begun to push their first plumes of delicate green through the dead leaves. She had placed the soft, pink-white of the blossoms against the feathery-green of the ferns, and laid the whole in the little hollow of the bird's nest.

She came toward the easy-chair.

"Uncle Tom," she cried, "see what I have brought you! The first blossom of the new year in a nest of the old!"

But he did not move to the glad cadence of her voice.

He sat with his back toward her. She came closer to him.

"Uncle Tom, are you asleep?" she asked, softly, and she leaned over him.

He had "gone to sleep!" But it was a sleep from which no human cry of love or agony could ever awake him!

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE.—It has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming to those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unwise; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part.

ROSE LEGENDS.

AS in music the appoggiatura, or grace notes, become blended with the leading melody, sustaining and embellishing it through infinite variations, so, inwrought with rose-history, are legends fanciful as fairy lore; traditions rich in rare imagery; romance in which love and war wage chivalrous defense of white or crimson emblem.

Dark were the world without mythical light even as to *couleur de rose*. Says the legend, Venus flying to the assistance of Adonis, the rose-bushes caught her to make her stay, and the drops of blood the thorns drew from her feet as she tore herself away fell on the white roses and turned them a beautiful red. Honored above all floral tributes, this symbol of Aphrodite, at the Roman festival, Veneralia Pindar in one of his most delightful songs of victory, singing of the Graces, associates with them the source of decorum, of purity and happiness in life, of good-will, beneficence and gratitude among men. They were represented as beautiful, young, modest maidens, winning and charming, always dancing, singing and running, or bathing in fountains, or decking themselves with flowers, especially with roses; for the rose was sacred to them as well as to Venus, in whose company, and doing her many a service, according to the myth, they were usually to be found. Fair in Greek fable, the nymph-guarded river "flowing among rose-trees;" sacred to Rhodeia its shrines and altars; odorous its crystal air with ever-blooming eglantine. At the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, roses are strewn on the ground before them, and a shoot of a rose-tree grows behind to symbolize the sweetness and beauty of young love. The origin of the tinted or blush rose is ascribed to the beautiful Rhodante, queen of Corinth, who, to escape the persecution of her lovers, attempted to seclude herself in the temple of Diana; being forced from her sanctuary by the clamor of the people, she prayed the gods to change her into a flower, and the rose into which she was transformed still bears the blushes that dyed her cheeks when forced to expose herself to public gaze. The fragrance with which this "earth star" is so richly endowed, is stated by those same poetical ancients to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and the thorns they say are the stings of bees, with which the arc of his bow was strung.

The Romans regard the rose as the emblem of silence as well as of love and joy, and frequently represented Cupid offering one to Harpocrates, the god of silence; and on festive occasions suspended a rose over the table, intimating to the assembled guests that the conversation was to be literally, as well as metaphorically, "under the rose."

The rose is mentioned by the earliest writers of

antiquity. Herodotus speaks of the double rose; Solomon sings of the Rose of Sharon; Isaiah of the desert that shall blossom as the rose. The old name of Syria meant "land of roses," and from Damascus came the beautiful "Damask Perpetuals," akin to the famous Rose du Roi.

Of all Syrian bloom the rose of Jericho is the most wonderful. There is an old legend that it grew in the desert in places where the Virgin Mary touched her feet, when flying into Egypt with the Infant Jesus; and they say, too, it will always bloom at the Christmas time! This curious shrub will fold its leaves and flowers upward, and become dry, brown and shriveled; but if immersed in water, its bloom and foliage are suddenly renewed as if by magic or enchantment—hence it is known as the Resurrection Rose.

Among the ancient Romans roses were used with a profuseness and extravagance almost incredible in later times. When Cleopatra went to Cilicia to meet Marc Antony, she caused the floor of the hall to be covered with roses to the depth of eighteen inches. Lurks there the breath of coquetry in rose-odor? She who thus employed it, is Shakespeare's best exponent of the art of fascination!

At a *fete* given by Nero, the expenses incurred for roses alone were four million sesterces, or about one hundred thousand dollars. Roses were used in wreaths and chaplets to adorn the brows of poets and orators. The Greeks and Romans used them to ornament the statues of Venus, or Hebe and of Flora. At their marriage ceremonies they played an important part, and were often strewn in the aisles of churches. Tombs were covered with them; and many of the wealthy Greeks and Romans left large legacies for the especial purpose of ornamenting their burial places with roses, both with plants and the cut flowers. Even at the present day the white rose has lost none of its emblematic sacredness for bridal or burial. Among the many beautiful rose legends there is one of a poor shepherd-boy, who, lonely and neglected, had fallen asleep under a tree near the highway. Before sleeping he had prayed to God to have pity upon him; to fill this great and painful void in his heart, or to send His minister, Death, to his release. While sleeping he had a beautiful dream. He thought he saw the heavens open, and an angel of such enchanting grace and beauty floated toward him. Her eyes glowed like two of the brightest stars. "You shall be no longer lonely," she whispered; "my image shall ever abide in your heart and strengthen and stimulate you to all things good and beautiful." While saying this she laid a wondrous rose upon his eyes, and, floating away, soon disappeared in the clouds. The poor shepherd-boy awoke and was enraptured with what he supposed was a wild dream. But lo! there was the rose, and with unspeakable joy he

pressed it to his heart. He thanked God for this sweet flower, which proved to him that the angel was no dream, but a reality. The rose, the visible emblem of his good angel, was the joy and comfort of his life, and he wore it ever afterward. In Auerbach's strangely beautiful romance, "On the Heights," Irmgarde records in her journal: "Of all flowers I find the richest morning dew on the rose. Does it give the richest perfume? Does the perfume form dew? No green leaf has so much dew on it as the leaf of a flower."

Roses are admittedly the emblem of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon midsummer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear on her bosom, when he who is to become her husband shall be ready to come and take it. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany it is customary to throw rose-leaves on a coal fire as a means of insuring good luck.

In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree, it will insure rosy cheeks. At Santiago, in Chili, whenever a stranger is received in a house, each of the ladies of the family offers him a rose.

Frederick the Great, while walking in the gardens of Potsdam with Voltaire, asked the amazing Frenchman for a rose. He picked one and presented it to the king, with the remark that it had grown beneath his majesty's laurels. A rose—were it well supplied with thorns—might symbolize their eccentric friendship. "Never," says Macaulay, "had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each of them had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. In secret they both laughed at each other. (According to our text *sub rosa*). Voltaire did not spare the king's poems, and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. 'He had no credentials,' says Frederick, 'and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce.'"

The lofty genius of Milton could not protect him from tiny arrows of infelicity. The Duke of Buckingham, who visited him, observed that his wife was a rose. The lady had a fine, high temper, and so Milton answered that doubtless she was, for he could feel her thorns. The great leader of the German Reformation, so loved this simple yet magnificent flower that it was graven on his seal. Luther, whose controversial strokes brought forth papal ire like sparks from an anvil; Luther, boldly facing the Diet of Worms, and burning bulls of excommunication before the Elster gate at

Wittenburg; fame's foremost apostle of Protestantism, modestly appreciating the poetry of a rose!

In Roxburgh Park, England, a rose-tree marks the spot where James II of Scotland met a tragic death, during the wars of the roses. In league with Lancaster (red rose) his army attacked a frontier fortress; while the king was examining a battery, one of the guns burst, and he who at Stirling Castle had dared and slain the Douglas was, himself, suddenly laid low. There is a strange fascination in these old histories of contention for the English crown! The white rose victory at St. Albans and Northampton; the death and defeat of York at Wakefield; again the bloom of triumph at Towton; the march of the army of the crimson rose to London, and restoration of Henry VI; the flight of Edward IV into Holland; his return—when the white rose victories of Barnet and Tewksbury ended the wars of the roses in the final overthrow of Henry, who died in the tower soon after.

There is a beautiful German legend known as the "Rose of Warning." Long ago in one of the Swiss valleys stood a cloister, surrounded by gardens and pathways, where the holy brothers used to wander in prayer and meditation. The rose was to them a never failing death-token.

"At the midnight call to prayer,
On the fated brother's chair
Lay a snow-white Rose of Warning:
He must die at break of morning."

The flower was hung on sacred wood in the monk's cell where his prayerful gaze might rest upon it. Once this death rose warned a youthful brother. It was hard that the light of life's morning should suddenly grow dark! Softly and stealthily he conveyed the mystic flower to the chair of an old and weary-waiting brother. On the morrow there were two for burial, and walls of lamentation were heard from the fear-haunted brotherhood. The old man, pale and peaceful; the youth, dark, distorted.

"And the rose upon its bosom
Wore a fearful strain of blood!
Never more the snow-white blossom
Warned the sorrowing brotherhood.
Vainly they, at midnight bell,
Watched for that sad miracle;
For with blood was it polluted,
And for service pure unsuited."

The brothers died one by one, broken-hearted. The cloister decayed so the sun could no longer find it; but 'tis said that white roses, with the blood-stain woven through them, grow there to this day.

After this dirge, an aria! The queen of the fairies was sheltered one night in the heart of a rose, and when morning came she gave in return a delicate veil of moss, as the only thing that could possibly increase the perfect beauty of a perfect flower.

Roses have been christened by the florists from

celebrations of all times and climes. Pius IX and Robin Hood, President Lincoln and Jeanne D'Arc, Mad'elle Rachel and Agrippina, Murillo and Souvenir de Malmaison. Not valueless this individuality of a rose, when Marechal Neil and Jacqueminot buds are worth their weight in silver; and Solfaterres—rich as sunset—crown confessional altars; or snowy Nymphets grace the marriage-bell and burial-cross.

MRS C. I. BAKER.

A LETTER.

I STOOD alone in the shadow
Of a desolate, broken life,
Fainting beneath my burden,
Weary with doubt and strife;
When far from over the darkness,
That had grown of my life a part,
There floated a wondrous music,
Sent from a strong, true heart.

For this heart, it thrills and quivers
At the plaint of another's pain,
Like the strings of a wind-harp wakened
By the wail of the winter rain.
It gathers the broken murmurs
That stray to its inmost ward,
And, freighted with potent meaning,
They pass to a perfect chord.

Then the tremulous, grieving echo
That troubled its happy calm,
Flows back in a tender cadence
That falls on the soul like balm;
Softening all the sorrow,
Stillling the bitter pain,
Pointing the prostrate spirit
To heights it may still attain;
Sweeping away the vapors
Of bitterness, doubt and scorn,
As the mists are swept from the moorlands
By the fresh, sweet winds of morn.

The bare, blank walls grow misty,
And fade from my tear-dimmed sight;
And all through the narrow chamber
Is the throb of a rare delight.
The bands of despair are broken,
The fountains of feeling stirred
By the power of a loving nature,
The wealth of a tender word.

And my spirit waves swift pinions,
Bathing in Hope's glad ray;
Bearing her burden lightly
O'er the illumined way;
Up from the chill and shadow,
Up from the storm and fray,
Up from a night of terror
To the glorious, golden day.

HELEN HERBERT.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

CHAPTER XX.

I MOVE my story forward through an interval of more than half a dozen years. Except in a few things, little occurred during this time of any special interest to my readers. Andrew Payne had ventured back, from a self-imposed exile, into one of the Southern States, where he was recognized, and, under a requisition from the governor of our State, handed over to justice. His arrest, trial, conviction and sentence to ten years' imprisonment, were exciting events for Oakland, which had fallen back into its former quiet life. Donald, after his wife had been removed to her old home and placed under the care and protection of her father, led, for a time, a wretched, drunken life, and then suddenly disappeared, going no one knew whither. Herbert Radcliff served out the full term of his sentence, but left Oakland immediately after his release, going to a far Western city, where he made a new start in life. During the two years of his imprisonment, there had been time for his bad habits to lose a measure of their power over him—habits of mind as well as of body. His father, mother and sister did not turn from him as one utterly disgraced and lost. Everything that could possibly be done for him within the limitation of prison rules was done. When his release came, all the plans for his future were arranged and settled; and after a brief, sad, yet hopeful re-union of the family, Herbert set his face westward, and in his new life among strangers began the work of building up a new character, which should rest on more solid foundations than were at first laid.

The defalcations, breaches of trust and direct swindling operations in which Mr. Catherwood had become involved, were of such magnitude, and the cause of so many disasters, that his ultimate escape from justice was something which an outraged community was determined to prevent if possible. As no legal step had been taken for his arrest on the arrival of the steamer in England, he passed over to the Continent and was lost sight of for a number of years. Nothing was known as to the amount of funds he carried away with him; but it could not have been large, as no bills of credit on London or Continental bankers had been drawn in his favor by any banking firm or institution in the United States. All that I could learn about Mrs. Catherwood, since the disgraceful flight of her husband, was, that she had entirely withdrawn from society, and was living in seclusion somewhere in the vicinity of Boston.

The mystery which had, from the first, hung over the disappearance of Mr. Fordyce, still re-

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mained as deep as ever. Not a hint of where he was or what he was doing had reached us. The thought of him always brought a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain; while his relation to Mrs. Catherwood was one of the unsolved questions with which my mind wrought helplessly, in its efforts to reach a probable solution.

As the years went on, life in our quiet home grew less and less eventful. We were so far out of the current in which the restless world was moving as to be little influenced by its fashionable ambitions or pretty emulations. Olney was indeed a haven of rest. My father still kept his interest in books and in certain literary pursuits connected with scientific farming. My mother's life went on in the old ways. She was still the loving caretaker; but love was a growing element in her character; a stream that became broader and deeper as it moved onward toward the great sea of infinite love. It had long since overflowed the narrow boundaries of home, and was refreshing with its sweet, cool waters, and making green the sterile places of other homes than ours. How beautiful she was growing! The kiss I laid upon her lips night and morning had in it all the heart-warmth of a lover. Rachel was absorbing from our mother the affluent life which was around her as a sphere, and which penetrated everything wherein lay a capacity for reception; and I could see a growing likeness of character, making itself felt in unobtrusive charities, and in a spirit of self-consecration for the good of others.

Our worldly affairs continued to be prosperous. Not that our annual increase from the farm and quarries reached a large sum; but it was always considerably more than our expenses, and gave a handsome surplus for investment every year. And the interest on these accumulated investments had begun to make another important factor in our income. Once, interest had been a serious drain upon our resources; now it was counting the other way.

In the series of changing states of mind through which we all pass in our inner-life progress, I became affected with a desire to see something of the world outside of the narrow limits in which I had been so long content to live. As there was nothing in the way of gratifying this desire, I left home and spent a few months in the West and South, and on the Pacific coast. What followed was natural. I wished to cross the ocean and see the Old World. And I went. After remaining abroad for a year, and going over the ground usually taken by European tourists, I came back to London, where I spent a few weeks before taking the steamer for home. On the morning after my arrival in that city, as I was looking hastily through the columns of a paper to find some items of American news, my eyes caught this heading to an article: "ARREST OF A GREAT

SWINDLER." Then followed a brief account of the financial operations of John Catherwood, who had, as it appeared, been residing in London for several years, in close seclusion, and recently in great poverty and destitution, under an assumed name. His case, it was said, would be immediately tried under the Extradition Treaty with the United States, and no doubt was expressed about his being sent home for trial.

I had a mingled feeling of pity for the miserable fugitive who was reaping the bitter fruit of his evil deeds, and satisfaction in the thought that retributive justice had found him out and given him to drink of the dregs which remained in his bitter cup. The proceedings in his case were pressed to an early conclusion. I saw him once or twice while they were pending. He was greatly changed in appearance; and had the half-scared, half-defiant look we might expect to find in the face of one who had been long in hiding from a pitiless and powerful enemy. His attire showed extreme poverty; and there was a wasted and nerveless look about him that indicated great physical exhaustion, either from disease or destitution.

Mr. Catherwood was not sent back to the United States to be tried for his crimes. On the day after a decision in his case had been reached—a decision adverse to the prisoner—the London papers announced his death. Heart disease was said to be the immediate cause; though it was generally believed in American circles that he had died by his own hands.

After spending a few weeks in London, I took steamer for America. The death of Mr. Catherwood turned my mind with a new feeling of interest toward his wife, and set me again to thinking and speculating about the mysterious relation that existed between her and Mr. Fordyce. Would the demise of Mr. Catherwood tend in any way to a solution of the mystery? It was a question which, the more I pondered it, absorbed me the more; and by the time our steamer reached Boston, my mind was so full of the subject, that I could think of little else night or day. One thing I had resolved to do, and that was to discover Mr. Fordyce if he were still living, and anywhere within the United States. Just how I was going to proceed was not fully determined, but I had large faith in the possibilities which lay before a resolute will.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NOTE was sent to my room on the day after my arrival in Boston. The address was in a lady's hand. Questioning in my mind as to who the writer could be, I cut the envelope, and, on unfolding its inclosure, read the name of HELEN CATHERWOOD, written in an unsteady hand under these brief sentences:

"In the list of arrivals I notice that you are at the 'Revere.' Won't you call on me at number 60 — Street? I wish to see you very much."

At number 63 — Street I was shown by the servant into a handsomely-furnished parlor, where I remained for over five minutes. At the end of this time he returned and said that Mrs. Catherwood was too much indisposed to come down-stairs, but would see me in her room, to which he conducted me. Reclining upon a lounge, near a window that looked out upon the Public Garden, I saw my dear old friend. She did not rise, but waited for me, with one hand outstretched, as I crossed the apartment quickly, and with her large eyes fixed upon me with a kind of hungry eagerness. I thought of pure, white lilies as I gazed into her thin and colorless face. It was over ten years since I had seen her; but she looked more than twenty years older than at our last meeting in Oakland.

"My dear, dear friend!" she said, as she grasped my hand. "How many times have I wished to see you! It was good of you to come so promptly."

Her eyes were filling with tears, and her voice trembling.

"You have come direct from London?" she said, as she made an effort to get command of herself.

"Yes," I replied.

There was a strange look in her eyes. I waited for the questions about Mr. Catherwood which I felt she was going to ask. She had dropped her gaze to the floor. I saw rapid changes in her face; but could not read their significance.

"The newspapers have told me all," she said, at length, drawing a deep breath. "But we will not talk about that. The curtain has fallen upon one long act in the drama of life. Fallen, thank God, never to rise again! I am going to tell you something about myself," she said, after she had grown entirely calm, and I had briefly answered her questions about my mother, and sisters, and Olive. "But, first, have you seen Mr. Fordyce, or heard anything about him since I was in Oakland?"

"Not a word," I replied.

"It is very strange," she returned, a look of doubt and trouble in her countenance. "I thought it possible that he had communicated with you."

"He may not be living," I said.

"Oh! I had not thought of that."

There was, what seemed to me, a pleased surprise in her voice. A soft light broke and warmed over her pale face, that was lifted up for a moment, and glorified. She sat quite still, and with her thoughts far away, until the shadows came gently down again, but fainter than before. When she

spoke, I perceived a new quality in her tones. They had lost much of their depressing character.

"If so, it is well," she said, with a deeper satisfaction expressed in her voice.

I will relate in her own words the story which she then told me. I give it as though there had been no break in the narrative. But there were many breaks and pauses, and rests to recover from exhaustion, or the overflow of intense feeling—for Mrs. Catherwood was even weaker than I had at first supposed.

"It must be told to somebody before I die," she began, "that justice may be done to one of the purest and noblest of men. I was in my twentieth year when I first met Mr. Fordyce. He was preparing my only brother, since deceased, for college, and came every day to our house, which was a mile from the city. There were certain defects in my education, which my father, who was a man of authority, and rigid in the execution of his will, wished to have remedied; and to this end he engaged Mr. Fordyce to give me instruction also, and in the branches of study where he regarded me as most deficient.

"My father was not a man of tender feelings, and he had little or no sympathy with the tastes and needs of women. My mother's will was of but small account in the family if it did not accord with that of my father, who was the law-giver as well as the provider. I can never remember the time when I did not fear rather than love him, nor when I did not perceive the falling of a shadow when he entered the house. I tell you this in order that you may clearly understand what follows.

"Up to my eighteenth year I was a school-girl, and so completely shut out from society that I had no intimate friendly relations with any of the young people of my own age who resided in our neighborhood. All intimacies of this kind my father had discouraged, as well as all indulgence in dress and amusements. He was not going to have me spoiled, he said, nor my education interfered with. He wanted his daughter to become a sensible woman, not a useless doll like most of the girls he saw around him; and as he understood the power of association, he was rigid in holding me as far away as possible from the reach of influences which might draw me into the charmed circle of gay young life, and bring me within the sphere of what he denounced as only vicious and hurtful.

"My mother, a tender, warm-hearted woman, had given me largely of her capacity for loving. Almost from the very day on which the marriage rite bound her in a life-long slavery to the will of my father, had she come under the law of repression. Out of the sunny atmosphere of love, where every leaf and blossom had opened and spread itself freely to the caressing air, she had passed to

a cold and desolate region, in which not a tendril could push itself forth without meeting the touch of frost or the deadly chill of winter. She was not strong enough to hold her own with my father. There was a time, I believe, when the freedom with which God had gifted her, and which was as much her very life as it is the life of every man and woman, made a feeble effort to hold itself above the dominant will that exacted absolute submission and obedience. She was not equal to the struggle. But I cannot dwell on this. It is too painful. My pure, true, loving mother! I was old enough to know just how it had been and was with her, as to my father, when she died. He had killed her by the slow tortures of heart-starvation, hastening the catastrophe by an occasional stamp of his iron heel! I speak with a bitterness which years only intensify. And my father, as guilty of wife-murder as he who strikes with deadly thrust or blow the woman he has promised to love and cherish, held himself in proud esteem for his manliness of character, and for the prudence and order of his home-rule as the head of a Christian household! For my father was a Chris—a professing Christian.

"As I have said, my mother gave me largely of her capacity for loving. I had my pets at home—birds and animals; and my heart had many delights in them. I had a sister who died when a baby less than a year old. I was in a heaven of blessedness—for it is heaven to pour out love—during the little while that she lived; and when she was taken away from us, it seemed to me as if my heart must break in the stress of its terrible pain.

"I was taken from school when in my eighteenth year. The act on my father's part was sudden and unexplained. I learned the reason several years afterward from one of my school-girl friends, whom I met at Newport, where I was spending a summer. A young Latin teacher had come into the school, and the girls, as girls will, were having their say about him, some of them talking in an extravagant way about his splendid eyes, and other personal charms. I had not observed any particular attention on his part toward myself, though it seems that others had—or imagined that they had—and this was spoken of in the home of a gentleman who knew my father, by one of his daughters—the lady to whom I have just referred. This gentleman, on meeting my father, had said to him, in a half-serious way: 'If you don't want a Latin teacher for your son-in-law, you'd better look to it in time.' What more passed between them I did not learn. But I was removed from the school at once, and without the assignment of any reason beyond the will of my father, who rarely gave any explanation of his arbitrary acts. It was for him to command, and for me to obey.

"Since my mother's death, several years before

this time, the administration of our home affairs had been in the hands of a housekeeper. She was now sent away, and the daughter installed in her place. 'It is my desire,' said my father, in his cold, imperative way, 'that you now make yourself thoroughly acquainted with household affairs. This is the duty of every woman; but, unhappily for the comfort and well-being of American families, few American women know anything about these matters. Dress and dissipation make the chief end of their existence. But I will not have my daughter one of these butterflies of fashion, but a good and useful woman, as fitted to manage a household as a merchant is to manage his business.'

"No society for me; no enlargement of my sphere of thought; no opportunity to cultivate my tastes, or to feel the sweet contact of soul with soul as life came forth in its spring-time and early summer. All was to be narrowed down to household cares and duties, with no love to lighten the labor. If there had been love, how all would have been changed. Up to this time, I had scarcely spoken to a young man, except in a distant and formal way, and my heart was as free as a maiden's heart could be. One evening, a few months after my new and lonely life began, my father told me, on his return from the city, that a young gentleman, the son of a friend and a correspondent in New York, had brought him a letter of introduction, and that he had invited him to take dinner with us on the next day. There was something in the manner of my father when he made this communication that I felt rather than understood. 'I want you,' he said, more as one who asked a favor than enunciated a command, 'to do your best in the preparation of this dinner for our guest. His father lives in elegant style, and I would like our entertainments to present as little contrast as possible with those to which he has been used.'

"I promised to do all in my power to meet his wishes. He charged me over again, on the next morning, as he was leaving for the city, and with something softer and kinder in his bearing than usual. As on the evening before, I felt rather than thought about this altered manner, and so gave it no significance. As the time for his coming with our guest drew near, I began to feel a little nervous from suspense. My fancy had been at work, under the spur of curiosity, and I found myself drawing imaginary portraits of the young man to whom I was about offering the hospitalities of my father's house.

"I was in my chamber, giving the last touches to a carefully-prepared toilet, when I heard carriage-wheels in the yard, and immediately afterward the sound of my father's voice. I felt my heart begin to beat more quickly, and, as I glanced into the mirror, saw that my eyes were unusually

bright, and the color on my cheeks of a deeper hue than usual. After taking a few minutes to regain the composure which I felt that I was losing, I went down to the parlor, where I met John Catherwood for the first time. His handsome face, fine person and easy manner, and especially the admiration which I read in his eyes from the moment they rested in mine, could hardly fail to make a strong impression upon me. Trained to self-control under my father's exacting discipline, I was able to hide beneath an easy exterior all signs of the new state of feeling which at once began awakening in my heart. Several times during the dinner hour, in looking casually across the table at my father, I encountered his steady gaze, and became aware that he was observing me closely.

"We spent the evening together, my father engaging our visitor in conversation, and drawing him out to talk of himself, his travels abroad, his familiarity with European art-galleries, famous cities and public men, and from this leading him on to speak of business, and his recent accession as partner to the commercial house in which his father was the controlling capitalist. Mr. Catherwood addressed himself to me very often, and especially when speaking of pictures or fine scenery. His manners were cultivated, and when talking, the play of his features was very attractive. At rest, I was not so well pleased with his face as when it was mobile with thought and feeling. The lips, in closing, did not take on a good expression. In going away, he said, addressing me particularly, that he had spent a most delightful evening, and should remember this as one of his red-letter days; adding, that, at my father's next visit to New York, he hoped that I would accompany him, and that while he (my father) gave himself to business, he would be my gallant squire, and show me everything in the city worth a young lady's attention.

"I had never visited New York, and when, a few weeks afterward, my father announced to me that he was going there on business, and that, if I wished to accompany him, he would take me along, I was greatly surprised and delighted. A week was given me for preparation, and I was encouraged to supply myself with a wardrobe and personal adornments, which cost more than all I had worn during the previous half a dozen years. Could I help asking myself what it all meant?

"That visit to New York! It lies still under a golden haze, far back in my memory, as a dream of delight. It extended over two weeks, at the close of which period I returned home, carrying a love-confession in my bewildered heart. My father had managed his part of the business well. He was a business man. When, after the lapse of a few weeks, Mr. Catherwood made another visit to Boston with a formal proposition for my hand,

his offer was accepted as a matter of course. So far as it concerned my father, it was only the natural sequence of his politic management, recording itself in a satisfactory result. As for me, I walked like one blindfold, and in a dreamy, delicious maze, whither they would have me go. But scarcely had the promise to be John Catherwood's wife passed my lips, before I became aware of an inward repulsion, the movement of which had been more than once dimly perceived.

"Try as I would to overcome this feeling—and I did try long and hard—it steadily gained strength, until it grew into an unconquerable dislike. At every visit, and he came frequently to see me, something in him hurt me. What this something was I did not always perceive. But enough was made manifest in his bearing toward me, and in his character and sentiments, to fill my heart with a dread of ever becoming his wife—a dread which soon began to haunt me like an evil spectre. The more I wrought with and strove to cast it out, the stronger it grew.

"There were certain defects in my education, as I have said—or what my father regarded as defects—and these, in view of my future position in society as the wife of Mr. Catherwood, he wished to have remedied. To return to the academy where I had been for several years, was, of course, out of the question, and whatever was to be done for me must be done through private instruction. My only brother, two years younger than myself, had been away at school; but, on learning that he was in some danger from doubtful associations, my father had him brought home and placed under the charge of a tutor who was strongly recommended to him by the governor of the State as not only a competent instructor, but a singularly upright and conscientious man, whose influence over his son could not fail to be of the most salutary character. This tutor, as I have already told you, was Allan Fordyce.

"My father was so well pleased with the change and improvement which he saw in my brother after Mr. Fordyce became his instructor, that he made an arrangement with him to give me certain lessons, and at the same time to review the course of instruction which I had taken at the academy, and remedy, as far as was possible, any deficiencies which he might discover. In his management of the affair which ended in my betrothal to Mr. Catherwood, my father had shown a shrewd knowledge of human nature, but proved himself to be singularly at fault in perception and foresight when he threw me into the intimate associations with this young man which come naturally between teacher and pupil. As the affianced bride of Mr. Catherwood, I was, in his view, wholly out of the reach of danger from the attractions of an obscure young man in the humble position of a tutor. He did not know that my life was already feeling an

impulse from his life; that, although in his daily visits to my brother I rarely came in his way, I took involuntary note of his coming and going, and had a feeling of gain when he was in the house and of loss when he went away. He did not know how full my brother was of his praise, nor how many of his lessons in true thinking and right living were repeated in my ears and laid up in my heart.

"It cost me an effort to conceal from my father the pleasure I felt when he informed me that he had arranged with Mr. Fordyce to give me instruction also, and hoped that I would make the very best use of the opportunity to remedy my deficiencies. I will not linger on what followed. I could not help myself. Against the power of the new influence which gathered about me, I had no defense. As for Mr. Fordyce, I will say, that neither in look, or tone, or sentiment was he disloyal in the least thing to the confidence which my father had placed in him. But how could I help feeling the difference between him and Mr. Catherwood; the one so pure and noble in all his sentiments, the other so selfish and worldly, and in so many things like my father! At each visit of Mr. Catherwood, the contrast became stronger, and my aversion greater, while each recurring visit only marked the closing of periods which brought nearer and nearer the time when I must become his wife.

"At last it came, and there was no way of escape. Months before, Mr. Fordyce had informed my father that he could not give me lessons any longer; and also, that as he had a number of male pupils, he had arranged to have them in a class in the city, where, if he desired to continue my brother under his instruction, he would have to send him. My father urged him to make an exception in favor of my brother, offering to double his compensation. But Mr. Fordyce was firm in his decision which was immediately carried out.

"I alone knew why this sudden resolution had been taken. An incident had occurred which threw both Mr. Fordyce and myself off our guard, and betrayed us to ourselves and to each other. For a single moment our hearts were uncovered; and though the veil was drawn almost instantly, each knew the other's secret.

"How shall I describe the state of mind into which I was thrown by this discovery! I had been moving forward toward a destiny from which there seemed to be no possible escape, when, suddenly, another way opened, and I could see through the vistas which stretched into the future a land of delight more beautiful than anything my imagination had ever conceived. But how was I to set my feet in this way? If Mr. Fordyce had taken my hand and said, 'Come, let us enter this way and go to this land of delight,' I would

have gone with him. My betrothal would have been as nothing. I would have broken from it as a prisoner from his bonds, and no power on earth would have been strong enough to fetter my free will again. But Mr. Fordyce did not say this either by look, or word, or sign; and the darkness that fell upon me was only the blacker because of the sun-burst in which I had stood for a single ecstatic moment. The veil dropped over his face, and was not again lifted during the brief period that elapsed before he left the house never to re-enter it again.

"I had learned, during the few months in which I was under instruction from Mr. Fordyce, to regard him as one in whom all manly virtues were centered. He was so different from my father and from Mr. Catherwood. I could not pass an hour with either of them without being hurt, or repelled, or disturbed in my feelings; while, on the other hand, the very presence of Mr. Fordyce brought a sphere of tranquility and deep interior satisfaction. I was in a kind of peaceful heaven when with him; but on a sea of unrest while with them. In their conversation, I found little to interest me, and many things that awakened doubts and questions; but every sentiment that fell from the lips of Mr. Fordyce found a response of approval in mind and heart. I was on a smooth and pleasant stream, moving under the force of a current whose drift I did not perceive until it was too late to set myself against it.

"One afternoon, the lessons for that day being over, Mr. Fordyce was about leaving for the city, when, under the influence of feelings which I did not attempt to control, I caught one of his hands and said, with a betrayal of far more in my voice than I imagined or intended: 'Don't go yet, Mr. Fordyce! It is so pleasant to have you here, and so dreary when—when—' I did not finish the sentence, for an instant consciousness of the betrayal I had made shut my lips and covered my crimsoning face with confusion. What happened then is as clearly before me now as it was at the time of its occurrence. Whether a minute or an hour elapsed I can hardly tell. The heart when happy takes little note of time. I only know that what I saw in his eyes drew my head down with an irresistible force; that when next conscious of external things my face was hidden on his breast, and his arm drawn tightly around me. It may have been only for an instant so; it may have been for an hour—I cannot tell. But I lived an age of joy. Suddenly his arms relaxed, and his hands lifted me away. When I looked into his face, it was as white as death, and his eyes so sad, and pitiful, and full of tender reproach, that they smote me with anguish and despair. I had expected to find there the love and the will to rescue and protect at all hazards, which I had felt in the strong pressure of his arms; but, instead, I saw a

dark shadow falling into them, and a strange coldness gathering about his mouth.

"Good-bye, Miss Grayson." He held out his hand, and I gave him mine. "God bless you and keep you!" He spoke with an effort to appear calm. I could find no voice to reply. My despair at his going away was rising into an outburst of passion. He saw it, and, turning abruptly from me, left the house. I never saw him but once after that until the day we met at Oakland. You remember the time, for you were with him.

"I did not meet my father when he came from the city in the evening, but kept my room under the plea of indisposition. A sleepless night, in which I wrestled with hopes, fears and vague uncertainties, or gave myself up to the imagination of impossible things, left me in no better state for seeing my father; but he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to observe me closely when we met at the breakfast-table, and did not make any remark on my changed appearance. What an age it seemed before the usual time for the arrival of Mr. Fordyce came. Would he ever return again? My heart was growing faint with its efforts to reach an answer to this question. All night I had wrestled with it. His cold, almost stern, irresponsive face as I had seen it last, and as it was perpetually rising before me, kept saying No, and thrusting me down into the depths of despair, from which I would struggle back as I remembered the love I had seen in his eyes, and the tender passion I had felt in his embracing arm. How could he desert me, now that he knew the truth! How could he turn from me and leave me to my fate, when he had only to reach out his hand and save me! Could he be so hard and cruel? I would not believe it.

"But the hour for his coming arrived, and passed. For a long time I had been at my window, waiting and watching, hoping and fearing. Slowly the shadows of a night, deeper than any that nature knows, began to close around me, growing thicker and blacker while the minutes gathered into hours. As I have already told you, he never came again. When my father returned home, he brought word that Mr. Fordyce had called upon him to say that he could not give me any more lessons, and that if my brother wished to remain under his instruction he would have to come to his room in the city. Mr. Fordyce had acted, he thought, a little strangely, and with some evasion of manner. He had an impression, he said, that other reasons, back of those which he had given, were influencing his conduct. But a suspicion of the truth did not seem to have crossed his mind. Anything so impossible as the transfer of his daughter's regard—I do not say love, for that was something he did not comprehend or believe in—from the son of a wealthy merchant holding a high social position, to an obscure

teacher, did not even suggest itself. He would see him again, he said, and induce him to alter his determination. But in that he was not successful.

"And was this the end? The death of that sweet, new life?—a birth and a death in the same brief moment! A birth, but not a death. True love, whenever born, is of immortal essence and cannot die.

"I will not attempt a description of what I thought, and felt, and suffered—of the wild and desperate fancies to which I sometimes surrendered myself during the period that elapsed between this event and my marriage. From Mr. Fordyce there never came the slightest sign or token. If I asked my brother about him, his answers were unsatisfactory. To my oft-repeated question, 'Why does he never come to see us?' the reply was, 'I cannot tell; I've asked him a great many times;' or, 'He acts as if he were offended about something;' or, 'He isn't at all as he used to be.' My brother spoke of him as having a troubled look; as sitting often with his eyes fixed on the floor, or set into vacancy, for minutes at a time. 'Did he never ask about me?' I once ventured to say. 'Never,' was the prompt answer. And I did not ask again. But all these things were laid up in my heart. I understood their meaning, and gathered hope from them, that ere the fatal sacrifice was consummated he would come to my rescue as a loving and loyal knight, and bear me away in triumph. The more I brooded over this idea, the more deeply did it take hold of me. I dwelt upon it in imagination, and held it so closely to my thoughts that it grew into something real. I often went into the city with no other object than the hope of meeting Mr. Fordyce on the street. Had I met him, nothing would have held me back from declaring my love, and entreating him to save me from an alliance which I dreaded worse than death. I wrote him many letters, but something always held me back from sending them.

"At last the fatal day arrived. We were to be married at ten o'clock, and go immediately afterward to the city, and thence on board a steamer which sailed for Europe at twelve. Even until midnight had I held to the wild hope which had taken possession of my brain. Then it died, and I saw no way of escape. In the utter despair which came with the conviction that I had been clinging to a mere straw, and that I was now being swept to a fate which I had dreaded worse than death, my reason began trembling in the balance. When morning broke, I was in a kind of mental torpor; and but for those who had charge of me, and whose business it was to make me ready for the marriage rite, would have remained passive in my chamber. I can remember little of my state of mind during that morning, except that I had a dumb sense of pain, and a wish to die. I recall the ceremony as something which might have

passed in a dream; and I can recollect riding to the city in a carriage with my father, and brother, and Mr. Catherwood, and even going on board the steamer. From that time until many weeks afterward, my memory is a blank, except in a single thing. When I came to myself, I was in my own chamber in my father's house. I remember going down to my state-room on passing to the steamer, and being seized, as I entered the small apartment, with a feeling of terror and suffocation, and a wild impulse to escape; of making my way back to the deck, and along the gangway to the wharf, without being observed, and next of being with Mr. Fordyce somewhere, with my head on his breast, and my arms about him. Beyond this, until the light of reason dawned on me again weeks afterward, all is, as I have said, a blank.

"My brother had seen and recognized me through my poor disguise just as I reached the wharf, but before he could alarm my father and Mr. Catherwood, or follow in pursuit, I had passed through the crowd of people, and was fleeing along one of the streets which led back into the heart of the town. Half an hour afterward, they found me with Mr. Fordyce, in his school-room. My brother had gone to him in order to enlist him in the search; and not until he found me there had a suspicion of the truth crossed his mind.

"I was immediately taken home. From my brother, I afterward learned that when my father and Mr. Catherwood demanded an explanation from Mr. Fordyce, whom they violently accused of having been in secret correspondence with me, and with having planned a guilty escape, he answered them not a word. His face, my brother told me, was so changed that he hardly knew him, and once or twice he saw him look at me, as I lay unconscious, with his eyes full of a tenderness and pity that were indescribable.

"I have dropped a veil over all that succeeded in my life since then; have buried the dead of my unhappy past. The good seeds sown in my mind during the brief period in which I had the privilege and happiness of knowing Mr. Fordyce, were not lost, nor their living principle destroyed. There came a time when, watered by tears and warmed by God's tender love, their hidden life moved to germination. When the truths to which he had given utterance, and which had lain for many years as dead precepts in my memory, began to shine by their own inherent light, and to fall upon the dark path which lay before me, and to make plain the way in which God would have me walk. They have been strength in my weakness, hope in my despair, ease in my pain and comfort when my heart was desolate. And now the end is not very far off."

Her pale, pure face had warmed with a glow of feeling; but as she ceased speaking, and sank back among the cushions, it grew white again. How

full of spiritual beauty it seemed, as with closed eyes and shut lips she rested for awhile after the exhaustion of her long effort.

"I wanted you to know all about Mr. Fordyce, and the relation in which he stood to me," she resumed, in feebler tones. "I could not speak before, and now that all impediment to speaking is removed, I am glad to have this early opportunity. If you should ever meet him, Davy—"

She did not finish the sentence. A slight flush came warming into her face, which she turned partly away from me, remaining silent for some time.

"I have forgotten to say," she resumed, "that this is not my house, but that of a dear friend. I am living in my old home, a short distance from the city. At my father's death, it came into my possession, together with a large income from his estate. You must go out there with me. I shall return to-morrow morning, if I am well enough to bear the drive."

On calling next day, I found Mrs. Catherwood in the parlor. There was a change in her appearance, as if a new life were flowing through her veins. She was quite well enough, she said, to bear the fatigue of a ride home; and ordered her carriage to be sent for immediately on my arrival.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was a beautiful old place, the house almost hidden from view by trees and shrubbery. I remained with Mrs. Catherwood, at her earnest solicitation, for two days; and then, after promising to visit her soon and bring Rachel with me, took my leave. I had entered the carriage which was to bear me back to the city, and was leaning out to say a few parting words to Mrs. Catherwood, whose hand I had taken, when I saw a man pass through the gate which opened from the road a few hundred yards distant, and come with long, hasty strides toward the house.

There could be no mistake. It was Allan Fordyce! The figure was a little bent; and the hair had changed in color; but I knew my dear old friend and teacher at a glance. Mrs. Catherwood did not see him at the moment, for she was looking at me; but my sudden, strong grip of the hand which I was still holding, and the change which she saw in my countenance, caused her to turn her eyes in the direction mine had taken, and her face at the same time, so that I could not see its expression on the instant she recognized Mr. Fordyce. But I was aware of the fact that she had recognized him by a thrill in the hand I yet held, a closer clasp of the fingers, and a slight uplifting of the body. Then she stood motionless and statue-like, with her form bent slightly forward.

The parting, in helplessness and despair, and

the meeting after so many years of trial and discipline, of self-repression, and growth into higher and purer lives; the parting and the meeting just here, where love in its first, sweet blossoming had been struck with a bitter frost—how shall I describe it!

I could not go forward to meet Mr. Fordyce, who had quickened his pace on seeing us, for Mrs. Catherwood was holding my hand with the tight clutch of one who felt that strength and nerve were failing. As he drew near, and I could begin to read the lines and meanings in his face, I saw great changes, that revealed a still purer manhood. The brow was whiter and broader; the eyes were farther back in the deep, wide sockets; the cheeks had lost their rounded fullness; and the mouth, closely shut, was calm in its firmness, and as sweet and tender as in the old time when I used to hang upon his words. Light was breaking out through every lineament.

"O Helen! My Helen! At last! Thank God!"

I did not see her face, for it was turned away from me. There was no answer on her lips; no quick, passionate movement; only a withdrawal of her hand from mine and a sinking of her head upon his breast with the weary abandoned air of a tired child as its mother's arms were drawn around it, as his were drawn closely around her. And she had gone to sleep as quickly as the tired child after its head had touched the maternal bosom. To sleep—but the waking was long delayed; doubt and fear trembling in the balance against hope.

But the waking came at last. In the long rest of nature there had been renewals and influxes of interior life; and when the heart took up again its even beat, and the quiet breast its responsive motions; when the eyes unclosed and looked up into a strong, serene face—beautiful in all that makes a true and noble manhood—love became more potent than death, and drew her back from the cold hand which had been leading her toward the grass and the daisies.

The years are many since these two lives, so long held apart, met and flowed together as one in a deep, still current—years undisturbed or marked by any events in which my readers have an interest. Mr. Fordyce, on leaving Oakland, had passed over into Canada, and, under an assumed name, taken up his residence there; not returning to the United States until after the death of Mr. Catherwood in London, an announcement of which he had seen in the newspapers.

My father and mother are in the better land. Rachel and I are living, in the old place, our easy and contented lives, with Olive's children making music in our home; for Olive is dead. In her latest hours I promised to care for her children; so lifting from her over-tried heart the last heavy

burden that rested upon it, and letting her spirit go free.

As I write the closing sentences, I hear a voice in the garden just outside of my window, that stirs my heart like old, sweet music. And now a shadow has fallen into the room, and as I look up I see the figure of a bright, breezy girl of sixteen, almost sylph-like in her delicate proportions, with a rosy complexion, and clear, hazel eyes, of wonderful depth and brilliancy. She looks at me with a happy light in those beautiful eyes and a merry smile on her parting lips, and calls me "Uncle Davy." And I say "Olive, dear!" as I respond, with assent, to the favor she asks—for to answer her with denial is to me impossible. The shadow flits away; but another falls into the room through the open window, and I look up again. It is Rachel now; and she says, speaking a little gravely: "I wonder at you, Davy! You are spoiling the dear girl."

THE END.

MYSTERIES OF A BEE-HIVE.

A LIFE-TIME might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodian plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystalized, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of of saccharine food presented to them; and if light were allowed access to the syrup it would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

EASTER MORNING.

WENT alone by the fields of rye
 Just as the day was dawning,
 The Marys, Salome and I,
 For it was Easter morning!
 And each one carried with silent care
 Jars of spices, rich and rare,
 Frankincense, and aloes, and nard,
 Spices our faint hands had prepared
 For our dead Lord's embalming.
 When He walked by my side in happy days,
 Through sunny Juda's rose-hedged ways,
 Where myrrhs drop gum and spikenards weep,
 I gathered none *then* for His weary feet.
 Now I come to His death's adorning!
 Though the dreadful day that was dark at noon,
 Through that night, when He hung between us and
 the moon;
 When the captains were mad and the priests were
 in error,
 And the weak earth shaken with earthquake and
 terror;
 With tears we had sought them here and there
 The gums so precious, the spices rare.
 While the face of our Christ, so deathly white!
 Came ever between us and the moon;
 The face of our Christ, so deathly white,
 That lay in the dark and dreadful tomb!
 And it was Easter morning!

"Who will roll us away the stone?"
 We said, ere day was dawning,
 As we women went our way alone,
 All on that Easter morning!
 For the stone was sealed, and very great,
 Hard as iron and heavy as fate;
 Stark it lay on the grave's dumb mouth
 Where the white sepulchre faced the south
 In Joseph's costly garden.
 The shadowy garden that lapped it in,
 Fair as pleasure and sweet as sin,
 Where bulbuls sang through the slumbrous air—
 Now who should look for a sepulchre there?
 In the midst of Joseph's garden!
 We said, "Who shall roll us away the stone?"
 But save that word we uttered none;
 While each, in fancy, looked in at the tomb—
 Messiah's grave, by mortals hewn!
 By human hands carved from the rock
 That rose all white in the spectral light,
 The bare, unyielding, flinty rock
 That held in its hollow weird midnight—
 In the midst of Joseph's garden!

So, to the place where our dead Christ lay
 We came, as day was dawning;
 And lo! the stone was rolled away!
 For this was Easter morning.
 But who dare stoop and look into the tomb?
 That awful home of silence and gloom!

(Messiah's grave, by mortals hewn)!
 Who dares to turn from the garden gay,
 And search where the murdered Messiah lay
 In the tomb of man's adorning!
 Ah! well for Mary Magdalene,
 From her seven-fold sins washed pure and clean!
 That she had brought to her living Lord,
 While yet she joyed in His spoken word,
 The spices for His embalming.

And well for us all if we dare, with her,
 Stoop down and look in at the sepulchre;
 And well for us all if we find within—
 Not the fleshless bones of treasured sin,
 Not the foul uncleanness of lust and pride,
 But the angel-form of One Glorified!
 And the grave-clothes cursed—the guilt we loved—
 In a little heap, and their power removed.
 While from the whitest sepulchre
 Whose darkness hid our Crucified,
 Up from the moaning sepulchre
 Messiah riseth glorified.
 And it is Easter morning!

EMMA E. BREWSTER.

A WRAITH.

OUT of the grave of silence
 Wet with the rain of tears,
 Cometh a voice to greet me
 Over the tide of years.

A voice that is not forgotten—
 Yet over the bridge of time
 It comes like the far-off sweetness
 Of a distant church-bell's chime.

And I know, as I hear its accents
 Fall on my ear to-day,
 That the love of the past is buried
 In a grass-grown grave away;

And only a ghostly sweetness,
 A memory like a sigh,
 Has floated back from the silence
 To whisper a last "good-bye!"

FAUSTINE.

WHEREVER there is fickleness you may say
 with truth to him who is characterized by it,
 "Thou shalt not excel." The man who is con-
 tinually changing his occupation, or constantly
 moving from one situation to another, fails to
 better himself in anything, and lives only to
 illustrate the proverb about the "rolling stone."

MRS. GENERAL FREMONT has organized several
 classes in history among the grown up sons and
 daughters of poor settlers in Arizona.

The Home Circle.

MILLWOOD LEAVES.

THE fresh air this morning is delicious. A soft, blue haze is on the hill tops and the atmosphere is so clear that the ringing of the school-bell, five miles down the creek valley, reaches us quite distinctly. The rushing of the stream over the mill-dam comes up to us as though the white foam and the swash of the leaping waters lay down in the quiet valley below us, instead of a winding mile away, and out of sight. We open all the doors and windows this January morning that the cool, sweet air may enter into our home and, loitering with wholesome mission, go out again and make room for newer and sweeter breezes. We put a shawl over our shoulders and sit down on the veranda to drink in the beauty and freshness of the delightful winter morning. The villagers are astir; not the merchants and doctors, nor the tired ministers who preached yesterday, but the butcher, and the grocers, and the baker, and the dealer in boots and shoes, and the professor who hears the first class in Latin before breakfast, and we see a lazy puff of smoke at the little milliner's kitchen chimney. While we sit speculating, the early morning express comes round the bold, rocky point, curving grandly, and leaving a great plume of smoke and steam lying across the valley and on the crisp air, touched into blue and gold by the slanting rays from the eastern sky. As the train brings up at the station we hear the brakeman's call, and the heavy thud of baggage on the platform—the hurried, bustling noise, and from between the leafless sycamores we see the bronzed engineer leaning out of the cab, and the fireman taking a hurried survey of his beloved, bright engine, which sparkles like real gold in the morning sunshine. We see a muffled form, heavily bearded and warmly clad, emerge, take a step or two, look about, and then a little boy up on the bank beckons, and the stranger climbs the bank, speaks a word or so, and proceeds to mount the old, broad-backed farm horse that the little fellow holds by the bridle. The child is astride of another—an old lop-eared sorrel without a saddle and with only a bit of a halter. The marks of the chafing collar are on the old horse's neck, and the hair is rubbed off its side by ill-fitting harness. The man springs into the saddle hastily, and the two, the man and the boy, ride off together. They come this way. On the still, winter air we can hear every word they say. We gather our shawl closer about our shoulders, steady the marine glass in our hand, and watch them. Pitying and loving "the little ones" as we do, we cannot help observing that the child scans admiringly his companion. He looks up—poor little fellow—at the jaunty hat, the fur muffler, the good and beautiful gloves, the fine overcoat, the trim figure, and perhaps he thinks when he grows to be a man he will be just like this gentleman is. That his beard will be long, and wavy, and silken, and tawny, too; that his form will be stately, his attire faultless; and that he will sit up straight in all the dignity of ripe manhood. And then we hear him pipe out, in a

thin, starved voice, in his desire to be companionable, mayhap: "It was awful muddy last week."

No answer.

"Think you must be pretty warm in such a good coat."

No answer.

Then, after while, thinking maybe that he had not spoken loud enough, he squeaked out: "School begins ag'in to-morrow."

"Ah, ha!" said the stranger.

"John Bigelow, he's the master this winter, an' he keeps 'em 'bout where they b'long."

The man essayed a nod, nothing more.

"I got five murrut marks, an' I was head two times," piped out, between jolts, the little fiddling voice of the man-child.

No reply, not even the simple, easily-spoken: "Glad to hear it, my boy!"

The child looked down at his stiff, cold, purple, bare hands, sniffed restfully—peered over at the graceful hands in fur-trimmed gloves that held the gray, grimy, old reins with ease and grace, and spoke again out of the abundance of his heart—poor little blossom: "I should guess your gloves was pretty warm."

The handsome horseman settled his head with a little sidewise shake down into his muffler, wriggled his shoulders as though a chill was creeping between them, touched the beast with the flapping ends of the reins and essayed to get over the road faster. That was all.

Half-hidden by the thorny rose that twined in and out among the white pillars, we adjusted the glass and looked closer at the pair who had so attracted our attention. He was a handsome, hearty, well-fed, well-kept gentleman, surely, in appearance, and the little boy—well, he looked as if he ate white bread principally, spread with cheap syrup or apple-butter. He lacked vigor, stamina, good living—poor little starveling—just at his stretching, growing age—the years that make the man muscular, well-knit, strong of bone and sinew, rich in blood and secure in foundation that will be needed in the not far-off future.

Just as they passed our home, the boy, looking up, said: "This is where the Misses lives; here."

"Ugh!" replied the gentleman, caring not for who lived anywhere, and perhaps annoyed with the persistent rill of chatter that flowed from the cold, blue lips of his humble, little companion.

And so they rode on. With a little sigh we shut the glass and laid it away in the book-case, folded the woolen shawl and put it on the head of the lounge in our room, looked to see that the bread was warm and rising nicely, that the tea-kettle was filled on the back of the stove, that the vegetables were handy for dinner, and then we sat down to cut carpet-rags. We couldn't quit thinking about the poor little boy, and the value of kindly words and smiles, and even of the cheer that may lie in one sentence, graciously spoken. So many remembrances, too, came up to us as we sat there, hearing only the clip and clink of the shears. We remembered the dark days of our own life, darkest when they should have been the gayest and happiest, for they lie away back in the

bloomy season of girlhood, that time when the skies are bluest, the winds balmy, the bird songs sweetest, and when hope sings her gladdest lays. Friends bent over us; neighbors soothed us with hackneyed sayings that were the staple on all sad dispensations and mournful occasions, but one, an old man, lowed, and wrinkled, and wise, and discreet, a sweet-voiced, quiet soul whose words at all times were feeling words, and few, took our hand, and choking back the sob that was rising, said simply: "Oh, I pity you so!"

Never has the balm left those blessed words, they are fresh in our memory, they do us good yet, and the remembrance of them is precious. The poor, old man is long since gathered to his fathers. Often when we stroll through the cemetery we sit on the long, soft, gray grass—fine like combed hair—laying in lengths around his grave, and we smile as we think of his kindly-spoken words, and the quiet deeds and humble, that marked his Christian life. It was his pleasure and his delight to do good, and his reward is with him.

We were talking on this subject, the worth of words in season, when Esther told us a bit of her own experience. She dreamed not, however, that it would ever come to light in print, nor did we at that time. In her early girlhood she was invited by one of her schoolmates to go home with her and spend a week during the holidays. The next morning after their arrival she noticed an old lady come into the sitting-room and take her seat in a far corner, and busy herself with knitting. She was a very serene-faced old lady, humbly, but neatly, clad. No one of the family noticed her. Some of the children frequently occupied a chair directly in front of her, between her and the stove, but the mother and daughters did not seem to observe the movement. At the table the old lady asked no questions nor favors, took whatever was given her and no more, and not much attention was shown to her. One day Esther said: "Let me bring your chair nearer the fire, auntie, so you will be one of us," and without waiting for any answer she moved the chair nearer. The old face brightened up that instant, and she stepped along with alertness and took her seat where Esther had placed it. Then after while the visitor bent over and examined the way auntie knit the heel of the fine, little baby-socking. At that the old face put on a new look—the fingers jerked and twitched with pleasurable excitement as they essayed with delight to teach the young school-girl the mystery of knitting heel and toe. The next day auntie asked Esther to go with her and see what was in her old brass-bound trunk in her bed-room. The two sat down on the floor, and the contents of the old trunk were laid out, even the little packages and parcels that were in the till, and the bits of her children's, and mother's, and nephew's shrouds and locks of thin hair, golden as corn-silk, and gray, and glossy brown. And the poor, old, silent tongue that none had cared to hear, grew noisy and chatty, and the old face grew radiant, and glowing, and almost young again. Oh, the tales that the old trunk held in its sacred depths were wonderful! Esther said that week in dreary mid-winter was one of the sunniest, and goldenest, and gladdest, and one of the most satisfactory weeks she ever lived. The poor old lady was, "only grandmother," and so little attention had been

paid to her that she felt herself to be an incumbent, a nonentity, and that no one cared for her.

All women's lives are alike in many ways—the princess may be made of no finer stuff than is the humble peasant's wife, the stout, little woman in short skirts, and heavy brogans, and with bare, brown forehead. Esther thought of this when she listened to the stories that "only grandmother" told her in the privacy of her room, sitting on the floor beside the open trunk. And then Esther, who had warmed up on the subject, said: "Aunt Chatty, I never meant to tell of it, but I believe I'll tell you, for it will do you as much good as it did me. Well, you see the poor, old lady whom they called 'only grandmother,' when she was in her childish, pleasant way showing me the things in her trunk, came upon her bonnet—her 'Sabbath-day bonnet to wear to meeting,' she called it, and she flaunted it out to show me, just for all the world like a little, five-year-old girl would have done it. And the style was that queer fashion of a few years ago, that editors in gameful way called 'cabbage-leaf'—just a little pat of a bonnet on top of the head that didn't come down to the ears. It was made of some sort of braid, in imitation of something that really was elegant, and costly, but this was the merest farce of a bonnet for an elderly woman—gray haired, and wrinkled, and trembling—to wear at all. After I came home I thought so often of the dear, lonely, old creature in that home among young people, who forgot that 'only grandmother' was once young and like themselves, and that she had opinions to be respected, wishes to be heeded, and perhaps peculiar notions to be kindly tolerated and borne with. I wanted to give her a new bonnet as a mark of my esteem, and because I pitied her, but I did not know how to approach the matter without giving offense. The daughter's family in which she lived were in good circumstances, and I feared they would resent the favor, even though it were given never so kindly. But my sister, a milliner across the street, suggested a plan. She had needed some braid of the kind of which the grandmother's little bonnet was an imitation. Presuming hers was real, could we not obtain it? I wrote a letter containing a request from my sister saying that we would give her a new bonnet made in a modern style for the braid that composed hers. She was delighted and glad to grant the favor, and by this means I had the satisfaction of making 'only grandmother' a beautiful present of a new silk bonnet with soft, snowy ruching to harmonize with the silver of her hair. We were glad, too, to put inside the box, a fold of ruching to lie lightly about her poor, old neck, fastened with a plain, jet pin."

Esther told us this one evening as we sat before the glowing grate waiting for the girls to come home from public exercises.

And then we talked on in a rambling way, and we both agreed that the cheery word, the speech in season—should never be withheld, especially from little children and from the aged. The latter grow sensitive and childish unaware, it creeps into their lives and they have no idea of it, they would scorn the insinuation—which insinuation should never, never, be made in their hearing. The angriest man we ever saw was roused with the cutting sarcasm, purposely spoken: "You are in your dotage," and he a hale man of only fifty

years. Had he seen the point the thrust meant to wound and to rouse his indignation, he would have restrained his anger. Little boys should never be passed by without giving them a good word of encouragement. If they are the stuff that honest men are made of be sure the good word will abide with them through all their lives.

We sat in the same seat last summer in the cars with a fourteen years' old lad—small for his years—who was the bell-boy at the St. James's Hotel in a city not far distant. There was a chance to sow a handful of good seed, and we said: "Where are you going, little man?"

He sat up straighter than before, and looking us fairly in the face with true, clear, gray eyes, the kind that see away beyond and afar off, he said: "I'm just going back to my place. I've been home to mother's over Sunday. I'm the bell-boy at the St. James's Hotel."

"Ah, yes—well, you seem like an honest lad. I'm glad to meet you; you look like a boy who will make a good business man, and I hope you may. The world stands in sore need of honest men; remember that in your intercourse with people. Just because you're a bell-boy, don't think lightly of yourself, or under-estimate the principles that make a good character. Some of our greatest and best men—indeed the most of them—came up from lowly places. That is where Americans grow from. They are like the sky-larks that soar so high; they build their nests on the ground."

He told us what wages he received. We asked him how he disposed of his earnings, and we could have caught the fellow in our arms when he said: "I give 'em to mother," in a modest, hesitating voice.

When we talked to him, and told him not to acquire any bad habits, such as loafing, when he could be reading or studying arithmetic; not to touch strong drink, not to swear or use bad language and not to smoke; none of these habits belong to men who care for and esteem a pure manhood and a spotless integrity. And the little bell-boy should by all means keep the Sabbath and attend Sabbath-school. For a stranger in a strange place or city, there is no safer introduction into good society than to attend Sabbath-school.

When we shook hands with the brave child at parting he promised to remember the talk he had with the woman in the cars, and to think of all she had told him, and we have no doubt he will mind it as long as he lives. In addressing children one should try to make the conversation applicable to their years. Instead of saying "I," and "you," as though culture, and caste, and social position came between and separated you and made you stand far apart, one should bear in mind and say "we."

Last Sabbath, when the second church-bell in the village rang sonorously, a few idlers, standing on the corner with clean faces and clean linen, were accosted by a precise, church-going, old lady, through her nose in a pious kind of a whine, with: "Gentlemen, there is a place for you down at church—you'd better be watchful of your never-dying souls' salvation;" and she drew the clinging folds of her black shawl closer about her shoulders and raised her eyebrows devoutly.

As soon as she passed by they giggled, and said: "Oh, you old hypocrite!"

Had she said, cheerily: "Come boys, let's all go to church," or something like that, the influence had been better; or had she only bowed with a pleasant "good-morning, boys," they would have respected the speaker as a sweet-souled, Christian woman. When to speak, and what to say, are two of the questions that concern us all alike.

CHATTY BROOKS.

WHAT MAKES A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

IT is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house, and a beautifully-appointed table, but often all the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant or inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order and neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and worried with her scrubbing, and polishing, and making up of garments. A simpler style of living and house-furnishing would set many a bond slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comfort of all the house.

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spotless, line-and-letter houses. Company disarrange the books, and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her carking cares and sit down for a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures, right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely to make.

With all your toils to make a house beautiful, do not neglect this first element of all, to beautify yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word and a warm clasp of the hand are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your window, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare, cabin homes that have been remembered ever with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving presence there; and stately palaces, which leave the impressions of an iceberg on the mind and spirit.

ETHEL.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER.

LEAF SECOND.

THE drizzling rain has fallen steadily all through the dark, foggy hours of this February morning, and the beautiful sleighing of the past few weeks seems likely to be succeeded by slush and mud, which will spoil the pastime of many a dashing gallant and happy maiden, and a whole host of pleasure-seekers. This dull, damp weather has a depressing influence upon my spirits, and awakens sad reminiscences of days long past which tinge my thoughts with melancholy. I did not mind it so much while I remained in the cheery breakfast-room listening to Fred's animated conversation and helping Nellie to wash and put away the breakfast things; but, alone in my room, a feeling of loneliness fills my heart.

I fear the rain will prevent my making my

accustomed calls to-day, and the Widow Smith will be needing her flannel waists, her rheumatism is so much worse in damp weather; and poor Kitty Leonard the broth I was to bring her; and, besides, I promised to read her a story to-day—a beautiful child's story from one of my late magazines—and she will be so disappointed. How her eyes did brighten when I spoke of it! And how sweet and musical her words sounded as she replied: "Oh, thank you, Aunt Milly, I shall be so glad!"

I have been trying to carry out the resolutions formed at the beginning of the year—not to let a day pass without endeavoring to do a kindness, however humble, to some one; and I believe I was never so happy before—at least not since those blissful days which seem so far away in the distant past, when the present was filled with a glad content, and music and song welled up from the depths of my heart and dropped from my lips all the day long, and the future seemed so joyous and full of hope. Papa used to call me his singing bird, and mother would say, "May your bright days last forever, my child."

Ah, how dark have been the days, and how bitter the cup given me to drink since then! It is well, mother, that you could not know how, instead of the fulfillment of the brightest of earthly dreams, there awaited your child only grief, and crushing sorrow, and an orphan's lonely life; and, as though that were not misery enough, the true, manly heart on which I had hoped to lean through life was forever stilled. The old homestead has passed into strangers' hands, and the house where I was born, and beneath the roof of which I spent the happiest hours that childhood and sweet, young maidenhood ever knew, has been taken down, that its site might be occupied by a more elegant and modern one; the barn where I used to watch the swallows twittering in and out of their nests under the eaves, has been new-roofed, clapboarded and painted; trim shrubbery and new and rare varieties of flowers adorn the place which was sacred to the old-fashioned ones which it was my pride and delight to cultivate; and costly fences surround the front and back yards, and the grassplot where I used to spread the linen for mother, pausing oft in my work to chase the brown and golden butterflies that went fluttering by. Even the dear old orchard where I hunted birds' nests in the dewy mornings, while the pink and snowy blossoms sifted down upon my bare head, has been trimmed and grafted, and thrifty young trees have taken the place of the old and decayed ones, till I should scarcely know it to be the same.

But my happiness is different from that of those days. Then my heart bounded with a sense of freedom and delight that had never known alloy. I was happy as the birds and butterflies are happy, as the brooklet dancing over its pebbly bed with a rippling, musical sound, with the flowers nodding upon its banks and mirroring themselves upon its surface, and the sunlight glancing upon it between the opening of the trees which stand as sentinels to guard it—as one who had never known a wish ungratified, or upon whom sorrow or care, even in its lightest form, had never pressed. But my present happiness is that which comes from a sense of duties cheerfully and willingly done for the sake of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done

it unto me"—from a sense of resignation to the Divine will, which can look up through tears and say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and from a sure and certain trust in His mercies.

Once, in my blindness, I thought that all the beauty and sweetness of my life was blighted forever; yet, even then, in my deepest trials, I was not quite forsaken. When the shadows rested upon me, there was always a little rift somewhere; upon the darkest cloud there was penciled a rainbow tint; and when I trod the thorny desert, some humble floweret would lift its head as though smiling upon me, and inspire me with hope, and through it all I learned that He sometimes removes our earthly props that we may lean on Him; that He touches the brightest blossoms of hope with the finger of decay, that a glorious fruitage may perfect itself; and that He wounds us in mercy that He may heal us in love.

Had it been otherwise with me, I might have forgotten God and His poor. I might never have learned that "it is more blessed to give than it is to receive"—more blessed to give a portion of one's time that others may be blessed and benefited thereby; of one's means, that others may suffer less or have more of comfort; and to heal poor, wounded hearts with the balm of loving sympathy than to receive worldly honors, fame and wealth, that shall perish with the using, and leave only sad regrets behind.

But see! the clouds are broken, and a broad bar of sunlight is shining across my written page. I will don my waterproof and overshoes, and Widow Smith shall have her flannels, and Kitty her story, after all.

CELIA SANFORD.

HOME CRUELITIES.

THE cruelty that leads animals to drive a wounded companion from the herd is condemned. Yet how often do we see such barbarity practiced by human beings! How many families there are where all seem to be in league against some one unhappy member! He is odd, strange, different from the rest of them; and instead of bearing patiently with his singularity, they turn on him with as little mercy as wolves. He is pricked, goaded and humiliated at every turn. He is openly taunted and defied. He is helpless; he is in their power; and savages never took greater delight torturing a victim than they do in torturing him. I know whereof I speak, and I can only say that, for genuine, downright, cold-blooded cruelty, I never saw anything yet equal the malignity of this kind of warfare. Thumb-screws and red-hot pinchers pale before it. Often all the sons and daughters of a family are handsome, easy and commonplace, with one exception, and that one exception is the "ugly duck." He is nervous, quick-tempered and fiery; he resembles nothing above the earth nor under the earth, unless it be the foul fiend himself. So he is laid on the rack, and kept there, by way of improvement.

Years ago, when I was a child, I used to carry part of my dinner to a boy who was an alien on his own hearth. Many a time I have seen him trying to conceal the livid bruises on his neck and arms—for he was a loyal little fellow—and crying bitterly

over the fragments of his books, torn up by his incensed mother. His strange ways and his lonely haunts used to fill her with forebodings. He would come to beggary or die on the gallows, she felt convinced; and she always turned for consolation to her other two sons, sharp, shrewd, money-making fellows, with their mother's keen eye for hard bargains. To-day one of them is a butcher, the other a dealer in hides; while my friend, my little friend, who was made to tread a hard, thorny path, wet with scalding tears, who was beaten and held down as I hope no child was ever held down before, is a professor of rhetoric and English literature in a Western university. He is honored and respected both at home and abroad; but, to this day, his mother holds firm to her belief in his inferiority; she glows with pride over her other two sons, but the L.L.D. is the black sheep, the know-nothing of the flock.

LYMAN HAWES.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 46.

OUTSIDE the window I watch the snow laying its soft, white mantle over everything, making the fair and the unsightly alike beautiful with its pure, downy covering. Feathery fringes of it hang from the slender branches of the young trees and large shrubs, and the little cedars are powdered thickly, until they bend beneath the weight of their lovely burden. As I look at it, I can imagine myself again one of three little girls who used to trudge through the snow to school, when it lay for weeks upon the old Kentucky hills. What sport we thought it to play snow-ball, or roll a big ball of it around the school-yard until so large that two of us could no longer move it. Or to wrap our cloaks tightly around us, and fall backward on the soft, white carpet, that we might see the shapes our figures would make. Now it would make me shiver to put my fingers in it, and I would rather watch it, sheltered safe in the warm room, where the bright coal-fire makes winter-cold seem only a name to-day, and think the thoughts that come, as I see the thickening flakes fall.

"As the rain cometh down from Heaven, and the snow, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Yes, the snow covers and keeps warm the winter wheat until the warm sun melts and sends it to the heart of the grain, causing it to sprout up and yield its fruit; and His word, when it sinks into our hearts, and is warmed by the sunlight of His love, springs up and bears the fruit of righteousness and good works—some sixty, some an hundred-fold, according to our strength, our talents or our opportunity.

Out in the yard, the tiny snow-birds and sparrows are flitting about, hunting stray seeds to eke out a scanty meal. I always feel sorry for them when snow is on the ground, and Jessie throws crumbs out in the walk to partly make up to them for the loss of their usual food, and they gather around them, sometimes in a perfect flock.

In a honeysuckle-vine, running over a frame close by the bay-window, a pair of snow-birds have taken up their winter quarters. When the first cold weather came, I saw them fly in there every evening, and as I could watch them from the lounge, it soon became interesting to note their movements. Two or three times a day they would come and hop about in the vine, picking the seeds from the cypress and convolvulus which had grown up amid the honeysuckle last summer. At last they were all gone, and the idea came to me that perhaps these little fellows would not scorn the crumbs which my blue birds treated with such indifference in the spring. So I tried them with some in the window-sill, and was rewarded by seeing them come for them in a day or two. Now a daily morning meal is spread there, and it is such a pleasure to see the little things fly down and whisk about as they eat, turning their heads on one side to look in the window with their bright eyes, thanking us for this bounty.

I have nothing really to write about this morning that is worth saying, but I feel in a social mood, and would like to talk to many of the friends far and near who have learned to know me through the pages of this book, and some of whom I have learned to love so well. I would gather around me "Earnest," "Kiz," "Woodbine," "Minnie Carlton," "Madge Carrol," and various others whose articles have drawn out answering feelings, and we would have a social meeting around the fire. "Too much talking, all at once," the stronger sex would say; but we would risk it.

If I had the wings of one of these birds to-day, what would I do? Fly away, away, far to the north at first, I believe, and tap for admittance at the east window of a cheerful sitting-room, where a bright little woman would give me a warm welcome. Ah, such a talk as we would have, while the canary sang its loudest approval, and the sweet, blue-eyed boy nestled between us, to be petted and listened to at intervals. Then, when I could draw myself away, I would turn southward, and coming over the hills of New Jersey, would pause a minute to greet little Amy, if I could find her window; and passing on over Trenton, rest my wings again, where another sweet face and warm heart would welcome me, and hold converse, oft wished for, with one who has many thoughts and feelings in unison with mine. After a few hours of such enjoyment, I would fly on far southward, where summer brightness still reigns, and in the little home of the dear brown-eyed woman would fold my wings and stay till all the dreary winter was gone. Ah, what joy that would bring to be with her, after these years of separation. Chastened, subdued joy, with the thoughts of all that lay between our meetings, and some present pain, to keep us from being too happy. The flowers talk to her of me the winter through, and the mocking-birds fly from here to her warmer clime and tell her my longings. But the miles of weary travel, too hard to encounter alone, keep me from her bodily. In that other land, where the desire to be with a loved one brings us into their presence, it will be different. I must wait, perhaps, for that.

Edna lent me a book for pleasant readings this winter—the "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry"—one of the handsomest volumes I ever saw, and a perfect mine of literature—an endless variety of

poems gleaned from the English-speaking poets of all ages, from the times far preceding old Chaucer down to our most modern days. Legendary, historical, quaint, humorous and pathetic. One which engaged my attention particularly was a long piece from the pen of an old time writer—a contemplation of "The Celestial Country"—written in the quaint, old-fashioned style of those days. It was a source of wonder to me how so much could be said on the subject without repetition, and the most of it be pretty. Verse after verse of description of the beauties of that land, as promised in the sacred book; enumeration of its delights, and aspirations for the attainment of its rest and blessedness. Among them I found the words of that Sunday-school hymn, dear to the hearts of many children—"Jerusalem the Golden"—one stanza of it so dear to me:

"O land that knows no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!"

And another sweet passage as it winds to a close, with which I will close my little talk:

"O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless;
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes!"

LICHEN.

DEAR "HOME CIRCLE." Allow me to share your cozy fireside a few moments this evening.

Thank you, Aunt Chatty, for those chats of yours. We have learned to love you and your girls, of whom you speak in such a motherly, loving way. And dear little Lichen, let me kiss you. You always remind me of the calla; so white, so pure, so noble. We hope to greet you each month the coming year. And Pipey, dear, I want to give you an old-fashioned hug; what if it does displace your necktie, or disarrange your hair, you will not mind that, will you? We women all love you, because you have done us good. Love those little 'sisters of yours?' of course we do. We are glad you mentioned it when one was married; and we were glad, too, it wasn't Pipey. Surely we feel a kindly interest in all those loved ones to whose comfort and welfare you have so cheerfully and lovingly devoted yourself. And now, Pipey dear, I want to say one thing more to you; may I? Yes? Well it is this. I can hardly associate such a sweet, noble woman in my mind, with such a name as Pipey; why not choose some pretty, womanly name, or better yet, why may we not know you by the same name you are known and loved by at home; "please ma'am, may we." And now about that chicken-pie you made for the Thanksgiving church festival a year ago. How did you make the top crust baked in three smaller dishes fit over the top of the pie, when removed to a larger pan and lie smoothly as if baked in it. Or was there a mistake in Katy's statement. Will Miss Potts please "rise and explain," 'cause you see we want to know how it can be done. I would like to

speak a few words of true appreciation to each of you, whose earnest words of love and cheer have so many times helped and encouraged me when struggling with trials and burdens, so hard to bear; but perhaps Mr. Arthur will think I have talked too long already, so I will bid you all a kindly good-night and retire. MARY.

THE SCHOOL OF FRUGALITY.

SECOND TERM OF FIRST SESSION.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

GOOD-MORNING, girls! I am so glad to have the privilege of addressing myself to you instead of talking to your mammas. During the first session, you have gotten along nicely under the instruction of your mothers. By the help of spelling-blocks, nursery-primers and mother's care in having you say your lessons in the morning while your mind is refreshed by sleep, you have learned to read, and can understand all I shall say about frugality. Look in your dictionary for the meaning of it.

You have learned to help mamma first by making as little work for her as possible, by waiting on yourself. You get out of bed in the morning and spread back the bedclothes to air; you put on your little shoes and stockings, only getting mamma to tie them at first; you wash your face, brush your hair and put on your own little dress, and hand mamma all of brother's things. You can put the plates around on the table, and know just how many spoons, knives and forks, cups and saucers and glasses to put down, for you can count "this is for papa, this for mamma, this for brother and this for me," and feel sure you have enough, for mamma never uses more than necessary. When done eating, you pick up brother's crumbs for the canary, and give the milk that he leaves to puss, for you are old enough not to make crumbs and to know how much milk you want. You set back the chairs, and brush the crumbs on the floor out to the chicks. You can wipe the spoons, and knives, and forks. Yes, some of you can wipe all the dishes for mamma—proud, happy mamma! I can see your eyes beaming with delight, for papa, too, has laid his hand on your head and called you his little woman. You can stand behind the bed when mamma throws up the cover and catch it, and draw it up nicely, not leaving a wrinkle, and turn the sheet back over the blanket just a little, to keep it from chafing papa's big nose. While mamma sweeps, you set the chairs out of her way, and with your little broom you get all the dirt from under the low washstand, bureau and sewing-machine. You pick up all the scraps and put them in your rag-bag; you wind all the lastings-threads on an empty spool, and stick the pins in your little cushion in your basket—for mamma gives you all that you find on the floor if she does not need it. When mamma is ready to sit down to her sewing, you recite your lesson and read a story from *St. Nicholas*, which you are careful to handle with clean hands, never bending the cover back, and keep in a place safe from flies, for you are going to bind it when you get older. You write in your copy-book without making a blot, and have a little black calico rag attached to it with a long string on which to wipe your pen. You keep the ink stopped. While mamma dresses

the butter you wait upon her, saving all the little waste to put in your own little spring-house, to which you can go without bothering mamma when you have your little play-dinner—nice little pots of milk and butter. When mamma gets dinner, you help her wash the vegetables with your little kitchen apron on, and when all the dinner is on you put on your little pan of wee pones which you have made of the scraps for your play-dinner. When you have set the table as at breakfast, you go with mamma after the butter and milk, and when dinner is quite over you take brother to your playhouse, for the afternoon is to be your own.

What a picture of little home comforts! In one corner sits a little bedstead made of a paper-box lid by punching a nail through each corner into empty spools for posts or legs. Complete with its tick of picked-up feathers, little pillows and sheets made by your own hands with the needle and thread found on the floor yesterday. Yes, and over all a nine-diamond quilt, pieced of the *fady* scraps, for you are saving the fast colors for a sure-enough quilt for brother's little bed. This all tucked in so cute around the box-bedstead. In another corner is a candle-stand, made by punching a nail through the centre of a round box-lid into a large, black spool, and covered with a little red mat. Sure enough! there against the wall is a lounge made on a thread-box of cotton and red calico, held down in places by little black shoe-buttons, and finished with a ruffle. And the chairs! made, just as Pipsey told you, of corks, and pins, and zephyr. Yes, I learned to make them just that way at boarding-school.

And that reminds me of how we girls used to make little baskets. Crochet a puckered little mat, widened so little as to look like Dick's wool hat gone to seed; starch quite stiff, and when nearly dry, shape into a basket, having crocheted a handle to it, of course. A nice card-basket.

Yes, I see how you made your picture-frames. Those bits of discarded whalebone are not used in dressmaking now, but they make very nice frames, tied together at the corner with scarlet yarn, for those pictures which Uncle Charlie sent off the prints in his store. Rye straws make pretty ones for pictures with a dark ground. Just sew them on, allowing the ends to cross at the corners, and tie with blue ribbon. One-quarter of a small, round box-lid would make you a pretty corner-bracket for that tiny vase which Aunt Annie gave you, and it would be safe. What a nice wall-pocket that fancy white envelope makes, with its spatter-work, for Dolly's notes! And no one can see the address on the other side.

Yes, yes, I see it all! Your mother's early lessons in economy, and correct ideas in not oversupplying you with toys, has developed an ingenuity which will be far more useful to you than money and lands. Truly, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

And, just see! I had overlooked that little toilet-stand, with its muslin curtains and mirror. And your papa took all the trouble to file off a tooth-brush handle and a bit of old fine comb, to make Miss Dolly a brush and comb for dressing her hair! But how did the looking-glass get so round? Yes, it came off that perfume bottle which Uncle Willie gave you! And here is another oblong one! Ah, ha! it came off Aunt Florence's white

fan, and you glued a red cord to it and hung it on the wall. Yes, the round-headed tacks do make nice holds for your picture-cords.

Already you are a real good manager. But can you cut out and make clothes for Dolly? I have cut you some patterns; they are quite simple. Bring some grenadine or other goods not suitable for a real quilt; now lay the patterns so that the points of one will fit into the space left by the other, and touch the other pattern wherever possible, that they may be separated by one cutting. If any *has* to come out, let it all come in one piece; it may do for the sleeves, or cuffs, or collar. Put the little strings into a scrap-bag, and when mamma has her carpet wove, get her to let you have a square woven on the last end. By and by, when you go to housekeeping in earnest, it will do to lay before your wash-stand. Now sew up the dress with the waste thread which you wound up this morning. You are tired sewing, and brother is hungry? Very well, set your table and have your little dinner. Sure enough! that stool makes a nice table, and you have a table-cloth which mamma let you make for yourself of the thinnest of that table-cloth of which you made those towels the other day. That was very kind. Yes, those old-fashioned cup-plates just do you, and brother, and Dolly to eat from, and the bottom of the salt-cellar makes a butter-plate for your little prints, and those little wine-glasses are pretty goblets. Oh, my! the egg-shell pitchers and mugs, preserve dishes, and even salt and pepper-boxes. Now, I used to have the seed-bowls of poppies for pepper-boxes. How many poppy-seed I've peppered out in make-believe of seasoning my victuals! And what a contrivance for knives and forks! Bits of corset-springs and hair-pins stuck in cornstalk-handles as white as polished ivory. What a pity you didn't live before that homely adage, "Fingers were made before knives and forks," got a footing, with which people so often excuse untidy habits!

But clear away your dishes, mamma will want you to help about supper; then you can practice while she gets the things ready for breakfast, till she comes to the parlor to sing for papa.

MRS. M. L. SAYERS.

KINDNESS.

KINDNESS costs us nothing. With kindness alone we may pluck down blessings from above which gold cannot purchase. To be friendly, to cheer and encourage, these are among the crowning graces of humanity. Kindness is the ruling spirit of our homes. Let us study to be kind, no matter under what difficulties, for by so doing we shall scatter flowers along the pathway of our fellow beings, which otherwise might be cold and cheerless.

COUNTRY COUSIN.

MARRIAGE implies something more than two persons living together under one roof. It means mutual concession; it means mutual help; it means supreme loyalty to the combined interests of father, mother and children; it means reverence for the happiness and sympathy for the trials of those whose happiness is dependent on love.

WISDOM and truth are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

Evenings with the Poets.

TRUST.

A PICTURE memory brings to me:
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath His hand;
That pain itself for good was planned.
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

Youth's Companion.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them
lost?
Because we miss them from our onward
road?

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself, their Lord, and Judge, and
King.

And this we call a "loss;" oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, an argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheres'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from thee, and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging wave he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved one landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to
dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then, pitying, spake: "Give me the little lad,
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad;
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong:
"Nay, but the woes I feel he, too, must share!"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be
dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

AN ANGEL'S BIRTHDAY.

THIS your birthday, my precious, my darling—
Or would be if you were on earth;
I know it must still be your birthday,
Though born to your heavenly birth.
I know that the angels have fair, and as sweet,
As these fair earthly roses I twine;
Their love may be perfect, pure and complete,
But never more tender than mine.
Are you glad in their gladness, my darling?
Do you laugh in your innocent glee?
Or are you sad in the brightness of Heaven,
In thinking of home and of me?

In the night when I long for your presence,
And water my pillow with tears,
When I pray for the touch of your fingers
To comfort my sorrow and fears,
So light is the veil that's between us,
The mother and child are so near;
The breath of my soul is suspended
For your accents so tender and clear.
O my glorified darling, most precious
Of all the sweet gifts that were mine,
I have lent you, not lost you, my darling—
Only lent to the Love that's Divine.

There are moments so sweet and so solemn,
That my soul bursts its prison of pain,
And soars to the realm of the Spirit,
And meets my own angel again.
Then calm from that saintly communion
I defy every foe of the world;
I can scorn every breath of contumely,
Every shaft by its ignorance hurl'd.
No black robes of darkness and mourning
Should be worn for a spirit like thee—
Only solemn thanksgiving, and blessing,
That you from earth's sorrows are free.

E. L. SAXON.

The Temperance Cause.

THE *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, published under the auspices of The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, is doing a good service to the community, in giving, as it does, the latest reports, opinions, investigations and experiments in regard to the effects of alcohol and opium on the human organism—mental as well as physical. The journal is ably edited by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the price is \$2 00 a year.

The January number has three leading papers of special interest and value: "Cerebral Trance, or Loss of Consciousness and Memory in Inebriety," by T. D. Crothers, M. D.; "Insane Drunkards—their Medico-legal Relations," by T. W. Fisher, M. D.; and "Chronic Tobacco Inebriety," by A. B. Arnold, M. D. Under the head of "Abstracts and Review," we have, "Inebriety and Allied Nervous Diseases in America," "Tea-drinking on the Nutrition of the Eyeball," "A Practical Point in the Treatment of Alcoholic Poisoning," and "Medico-legal Difficulties in Alcoholic Insanity." Among the "Clinical Notes and Comments," are extracts and remarks on "The Care of Habitual Drunkards," "Absinthe," "Dipsomania," "Abuse of Chloral Hydrate," "Results from Experiments with Alcohol," "Inebriety of Parents a cause of Epilepsy in their Children," "Origin of Alcohol," "A Substitute for Alcohol as a Menstruum," "The Toxic effects of Tea," etc.

From this list of contents will be seen the scope and vital character of the subjects presented and discussed in the journal. We make two or three extracts:

ORIGIN OF ALCOHOL.

The process of distillation by which alcohol was obtained from fermented liquors was utterly unknown until about the middle of the eleventh century, when it was introduced into Europe by some Arabian alchemists. It does not appear that it was used, however, except for certain mechanical and chemical purposes, and also in the manufacture of a kind of paste with which the ladies painted themselves that they might appear more beautiful, until the sixteenth century. The black plague was then sweeping over Europe—sometimes called the black death—probably the same disease that is now threatening Europe and Russia. It started in China and India, and ravaged all Europe. It is estimated that ninety millions were swept away by its ravages. The *agua vita*, or water of life, as it is called, was introduced at that time as an experiment, in order to stay the ravages of this awful disease. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, and as a natural consequence, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on. In 1751 it was given to the English soldiers as a cordial, and we learn also that for some time previous it had been used among the

laborers in the Hungarian mines. Alcohol was then made mostly of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain at first as a medicine. The Genoese afterward made it from grain, and sold it in bottles labeled "Water of Life."

During the reign of Henry VII brandy was unknown in Ireland, but hardly had it been introduced when its alarming effect induced the government to pass a law forbidding its manufacture. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the use of alcohol has spread until it has become a universal curse, and its history is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, the poverty, and murder of thousands.

It has marched over the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of its footsteps in the bones, sinews and life-blood of the people.

DR. WILLARD PARKER.

NERVOUSNESS.

Note also our sensitiveness to stimulants and narcotics, as alcohols and tobacco, and even tea and coffee. Not only our fathers, but our mothers, could drink freely of wines and strong liquors, and even smoke as much as they wished, without developing any of the nervousness of our time. At the present time a very considerable proportion of the population of this country are unable to smoke, or chew, or drink even mild wine, or tea or coffee—especially the latter—without making themselves perceptibly worse thereby. I find that a very considerable number of my nervous patients have been compelled, before I saw them, to give up their coffee and tobacco. All this is modern and pre-eminently American. Likewise the idiosyncrasies of patients in regard to the action of medicines and the effects of drugs and various external irritants have, during the last half century, multiplied in variety and phase, and greatly augmented in number. There are thousands who cannot bear opium—who are kept awake instead of being put to sleep by it. The ordinary dose for an adult is sufficient to deprive them of a night's repose. One very eminent physician finds that even chocolate, one of the mildest beverages, is a poison to him; and another experienced physician, who consulted me one time in regard to himself, could not, he said, bear anything that I prescribed. I spoke of iron; he said iron, even in small doses, made his head ache; and when I tried it, even with other medicines, it produced that effect. I suggested quinine; he said quinine made him crazy. I tried a zinc combination; it disturbed his stomach. And yet this man, so variously sensitive, was actively engaged in one of our most laborious professions.

DR. G. L. BEARD.

It is difficult to say where acute inebriety ends and chronic inebriety begins; but there are such boundary lines, although they may be imperceptibly shaded one into the other.

The inebriate diathesis is only the acute and chronic disease, toned down and merged into a predisposition which is more or less obscure.

If we were more acute in our observations, the special signs of the disorder would be unmistakable. Many morbid changes are going on in the body, which give only faint indications of their presence; others are not cognizable to the senses.

But there are many good reasons for believing that an inebriate diathesis or predisposition carries along with it manifestations which may be recognized months, and even years, before the full development of the disorder. T. D. CROTHERS.

Art at Home.

THE desire for household decoration continues on the increase, and few women who have even a dollar or two to invest in materials, and the leisure for the work, do not at least attempt something in this direction. The intention is to show, from month to month, in this department of "Art at Home," how homes can be made more beautiful with very little expense or trouble, and yet with a strict attention to the harmony of color.

CURTAINS.—Very effective curtains may be made of thin, unbleached muslin ordinarily known as cheese-cloth, and sold at five cents a yard under the name of cotton bunting. The threads are drawn lengthwise for the width of an inch at intervals of four or six inches and the cross-threads thus left are caught by lace stitches after the fashion so popular for ornamenting towels, the result being a light, airy and very pretty curtain material. The same fabric may be bought already prepared. Linen guipure, such as is used for tidies, forms a pretty finish for these draperies.

TIDIES.—A very pretty tidy is made of white dice canvas, which is canvas wove in squares like a checker-board. On each of these squares is a figure, fruit or flower in crewel embroidery. On one square is a bunch of cherries; on another a cluster of strawberries; another has a buttercup; another a pansy, and so on till every square is filled. This exquisite piece of work is fringed top and bottom with white, with threads of color interspersed here and there. Useful tidies for lounges are made of a Turkish towel with border and centre piece, embroidered in colored crewels. Busy people may buy these ready made, embroidered by machinery and warranted to wash.

TABLE-COVERS.—An inexpensive and serviceable table-cover is made of crash embroidered with crewels, and self-fringed on the edges, crewels in the colors used in the embroidery being introduced into the fringe. Other more elaborate covers are made of momie cloth, or of linen canvas in basket patterns, with borders of velvet or cloth wrought with point russe stitches in various colors and trimmed with tasseled fringe in colors to match. An odd design for a five o'clock tea-cloth is in gray crash, with border formed of figures cut in black flannel to represent characters from "Mother Goose." Outline work in short stitches of a contrasting color is much used, as are also the easy, point russe stitches which are so effective.

OVER-MANTEL.—Where joiners are not within reach and cabinet making is an unknown art, ingenious people have discovered that an over-mantel which is serviceable and eye-pleasing can be made of pine board, neatly covered with cloth for

the shelves, and the supports of common thread spools with a rod run through them and ebonized. With the addition of a little bric-a-brac and a mirror for the back, this makes an extraordinarily good substitute for the expensive over-mantels of the city decorators.

WHISK-HOLDERS.—Embroidered whisk-holders have for their foundation either basketwork or satin over a tin case. The embroidery is done on the basket in the one case, on the satin in the other. The colors are chosen to match those of the furniture if possible, and the holder is at once useful and ornamental.

TO RESTORE FADED HANGINGS.—Beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterward brush them; then apply to them a strong lather of Castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterward wash them with alum-water. When dry, the colors will be restored in their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond recovery, they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water-colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum-water.

SHOE-BOX.—A very pretty ottoman can be made out of a common box which can be used as a shoe-case, by covering the wood with cloth and embroidery in appliqué or outline. By varying the colors, a very pleasing result can be obtained. The top of the box should be cushioned, and the inside properly lined.

NAPKINS.—A beautiful set of dessert napkins has a design in fruit and leaves, embroidered in one corner of each napkin, each one being different. Thus on one the embroidery is cherries; on another strawberries; another has a peach, while on yet another the design is purple plums, and so on through the whole dozen.

CEMENT.—Japanese cement may be made as follows: Mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan. This glue is beautifully white and almost transparent, for which reason it is well adapted for fancy work which requires a strong and colorless cement.

ROMAN EMBROIDERY.—In Roman embroidery, the design is stamped on gray linen, and worked with silk floss of a darker shade or brown. The edges are neatly button-holed, and all the linen between the scallops cut away. A bright ground-work of satin is usually placed under and shows through the spaces, giving a lace-like appearance, which is very effective. It is used for toilet-mats, pin-cushions, tidies, etc.

Housekeepers' Department.

SYSTEM.

IN even the smallest household, the value of a system cannot be over-estimated, since without it there is neither comfort nor economy. "A thing well begun is half done," says the old adage, and in beginning without definite plans and preparation lies the common mistake. The dressmaker comes, paid by the day, and is kept waiting because something for her work has been forgotten, and must be sent out for before she can go on; while the washerwoman's time is wasted in the same way, because the fires have not been lighted in time, and the clothes must be sorted after she comes. The husband, home to dinner in a hurry, must wait until some part of the meal which should have been bought in the morning can be procured from the grocery at the last minute, and perhaps must go without dinner or fail to keep an important appointment. The children are never ready in time; buttons are off, strings are missing and clothes which should have been mended when they came in from the wash have been laid aside and forgotten. "I cannot think of everything," sighs the weary mother, half beside herself at "chaos come again" in her household. There are but twenty-four hours in the day, and eight of those ought, for the sake of body and brain, to be given to slumber. But minutes, like pennies, count up fast, and those which we fritter away or lose in looking for things which should have been, but were not, put in their places, would give ample leisure for many neglected duties. In even so simple a thing as baking a cake the result is often failure because things were not made ready beforehand.

Many an improvident housekeeper looks forward anxiously to the harvest of bills which the year's expenses have sowed, while her heart sinks within her at the question how they are to be paid. What is done is past, and must be borne as best may be; but for the future the same trouble may be avoided by systematic regulation of the family expenses to the income. Let the husband agree with the wife exactly how much she is to have every week for housekeeping money, and then let her parcel out so much for each day, never exceeding the amount by even a penny. If she cannot afford choice cuts, let her buy second best, and render them savory by careful cooking; shunning hot-house fruits and vegetables or costly luxuries, let her be content with those which are in season, and therefore moderate in price. Plenty of good, substantial food is necessary for health, and butchers' bills mount up less rapidly than those of doctors; yet soups and stews are as nourishing, while far less expensive than roast and steaks. In looking over the record of the year, it will be easy to see which were the useless expenditures, and these may be avoided in the future.

For those who cannot think of things, a good plan is to make a schedule and keep it where it may be readily referred to. Let each day have its own work, and endeavor to let nothing interfere with this. Interruptions will, of course, occur—unforeseen company, accidents, sickness and the

like—which, if they do not bring the machinery to a standstill, will at least seriously impede its action. But this will be of less harm than if nothing of the kind were attempted.

Where there is a houseful of small children, anything like perfect system is almost impossible, yet a great deal may be accomplished by training the children in orderly ways, teaching them to wait on themselves, and making them useful as far as can be done. There are babies on record who sleep, eat and play by rule; but the average baby is by no means such an accommodating personage, and upsets a household fearfully. No rules can be made to fit every one, and each person must lay down those which seem best.

DISH-CLOTHS.

WE remember telling the women readers of the HOME MAGAZINE years ago about dish-cloths. We thought then that we had found the best article for this household necessity, but surely we have found a better one now. When we asked a practical housewife what kind of material made the best dish-cloths, she said very promptly that nothing equaled cheap cotton flannel. When we demurred, and suggested that they would yield lint, she said we were mistaken; that the goods must first be scalded in hot soap-suds, then rinsed and made up into cloths of a convenient size.

We adopted her plan, and we find it to be very satisfactory. They are so soft, wring so dry, and are so easily kept sweet, and clean, and white. One can make half a dozen to wash dishes with, and another half dozen for drying-cloths, to be made larger and longer. We commend this kind, and hope the sisterhood will adopt them and render them "the style."

It is a pleasure to wash dishes when properly equipped, with a large tin dish-pan, plenty of hot water, good cloths, and a long pan in which to lay the dishes to drain. Little girls would not deem dish-washing the perfection of kitchen drudgery if they were thus supplied with the equipments for efficient work. It is the lack of good tools to work with that makes labor laborious and irksome to so many boys and girls. It is very easy to make a delightful pleasure out of what would else be drudgery.

PIRSEY.

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM

WE take from the Chicago Alliance the following directions for sweeping a room, which are written, evidently, by one who knows whereof she speaks:

To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and, like all fine arts, has a right method. Well done, it renovates the entire room, and the occupant takes possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgment, in other words, brains, must enter. Are these closets opening into the room to be

swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping-day; then let this be the first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets, as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it; then, taking a step-ladder, begin to sweep, or brush, or wipe the cornice and picture-cords and pictures. Draw the shades to the top of the window, or, if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it.

Now begin to sweep, not toward a door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room toward

the centre, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush and dust-pan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust, and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest, and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out the details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so soon dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance; while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is as the finishing touches to a picture.

Pleasant Varieties.

CHARLES DICKENS once wrote to Sir John Bennett a letter which has just been published for the first time in the London *Daily News*. It runs thus: "My Dear Sir—Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned, it has gone (as, indeed, it always has) perfectly well, but has struck the hours with great reluctance; and, after enduring internal agonies of a most distressing nature, it has now ceased striking altogether. Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient to the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of. Faithfully yours, Charles Dickens."

A WORTHY Quaker attempted to disarm a well-known "bitter tongue" by inviting him to dinner, but the backbiter, while enjoying the good cheer, continued his abuse unabated. The man of peace, after bearing it for a time, suddenly sprung upon his reviler, saying: "Friend, I have given thee meat-offering and a drink-offering, and now," he added, lifting him through the open window into the street, "I will give thee a heave-offering."

THE story is told of a clergyman that after preaching an interesting sermon on the "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said: "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

WHEN President Porter recently sat down to dinner with the other members of the Yale faculty and their guests, he was astonished to learn that the dinner was attached by the sheriff. A shrewd Boston merchant had taken the opportunity to force a New Haven hotel-keeper to pay a debt of five hundred dollars, and the money was paid before the dinner was eaten.

IN one of our religious contemporaries a hint is given in the following way to preachers to keep themselves in the background: "A gentleman in Scotland, during his holidays, thought he would like to try his hand at fishing. Provided with the

very best of tackle, he sallied forth and toiled all day, but caught nothing. Toward evening he espied a little ragged urchin, with tackle of the most primitive order, landing fish with marvelous rapidity. He went to him and asked him the secret of his success, receiving for reply, 'The fish'll no catch, sir, as lang as ye dinna keep yersel' oot o' sight.' Fishers of men need not wonder at their want of success if they do not keep themselves out of sight."

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better when anybody goes to sleep under you preaching to wake you up!"

ONE of the lions of Paris at the moment is Professor Hermann, the great conjurer, who, not content with astonishing the folk who crowd to see him nightly at the Nouveautés, further astonishes and perplexes the Parisian public when he takes his walks abroad. One day, attired like a half-pay officer, he went into a poulterer's and bought a hare. "Is it quite fresh?" asked he. "It was killed yesterday," answered the poulterer. "Indeed!" said the unknown. "Then it was only half killed. Look!" The hare escaped from his hand and darted down the street, to the intense bewilderment of the shopkeeper. Sometimes the professor wanders through the markets, and scares the stall-keepers by bringing the fish to life, and even restoring the boiled lobsters to their natural color. One of his favorite tricks, which he has played off in almost every market of the habitable world, is to purchase a basket of eggs, and to make the vender open one. In it are found two coins; and the people around immediately try to buy up all the remaining stock of eggs. But the dealer will not part with one, and carries them home to be broken in secret.

A RECENT number of a contemporary contained the following advertisement: "Wanted a walnut-wood cottage pianoforte by a widow lady with carved legs."

A PAPER advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FOR the changeable weather of late winter and early spring there is nothing, in the way of an outer garment, so serviceable as an ulster, made of cloth, tweed, serge or any of the varieties of waterproofs, black, blue or brown. These new wraps are made close-fitting, without capes, after the manner of gentlemen's coats, and outline the dress beneath. They are just as often worn in fair weather as in rainy—but for the latter seasons it is desirable to add a hood and cape for extra protection. The former should be made separately, so as to button to the neck, and shirred neatly around the edge, and provided with an elastic. A newer model than the hood is a cap, which, attached to the neck may be drawn up over the head and strapped in front.

Plain and figured velvets, silk and satin stripes, and gay-colored brocade goods still hold sway. In almost every style of costume, from an everyday toilet to a sumptuous evening dress, two or three materials—a plain foundation with variegated trimmings—are combined. Striped and plain velvet skirts are used for walking dresses, with upper-garments of rich, silk-mixed, fancy and plain wool goods. The vogue of narrow

and elaborate trimmings has passed away for the time, to permit the indulgence in wide perpendicular or horizontal bands, broad collars and deep cuffs.

The turban bonnet still retains its popularity. Many ladies have one to match each suit made from the bright remnants of its satin or repped trimmings. As many as three or four fabrics are sometimes seen in one bonnet. Still, black or neutral-tinted turbans are made to wear with a costume of any shade. Other styles, much in vogue earlier in the season, have not, however, lost favor. Broad-brimmed, furry beavers harmonize with rich furs and feathers, and are still worn by young girls. Profuse jet decorations are still seen also—and there is a probability that they will remain in vogue for a long time to come, especially among elderly ladies.

Boys' garments partake more of the masculine style of finish than they did several seasons ago. It is now a rarity to see a boy's costume, whether composed of a kilt or the more manly set of three garments, completed in any other way than with machine-stitched edges and thick horn or bone buttons. The effect is extremely stylish, especially when particular attention is paid to the manner of dressing the neck and wrists.

Literary and Personal.

A PARIS correspondent describes Sara Bernhardt as "the spindling, hectic artist, with the glowing eyes and the bewitching, melancholy smile, who is not only actress, critic, poet, sculptor, novelist and architect, but also a painter."

THOMAS NAST, the caricaturist, was born in Bavaria. In appearance he is short, thickset, a sturdy German figure; head large, square and well-balanced; forehead wide, handsome, black eyes, firm mouth, a Roman nose, rather small for the breadth of the face; hair abundant, thick, fine in texture, glossy black, and a walk that indicates a strong individuality and great decision of character.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT in early life was very dissipated and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course in life. One day, when his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of highway robbery whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the prisoner did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow and fetching a deep sigh, replied: "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged, but your lordship and I!"

MARY CLEMMER is described as a woman of commanding height, a striking face, blue eyes, delicate complexion and brown hair, worn in clustering curls over her forehead, and simply knotted at the back of her head. She is energetic

and electric in conversation, and a trifle imperious in manner.

THE many friends of Mr. Bancroft, the venerable historian, will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding his recent illness and his advanced age (seventy-nine in October last), he is now able to drive out, and was at a reception at the White House a few days since, though somewhat feeble. A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* says that "though one of the oddest creatures imaginable, always saying and doing the most unheard of things, he is withal so interesting and amiable that a chat with him (especially in the study piled high with books and papers, and generally occupied by two or three amanuenses, where he has spent so many years) is an event never to be forgotten. When he is called to 'come up higher,' one of the strongest characters of the age will have disappeared."

THE munificent gift of the late William Niblo of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City, for a library for that institution, will have the effect to make it one of the best and most useful libraries of the country. Although Mr. Niblo made his fortune by catering to the tastes of those fond of theatrical amusements, he was known as a man of strong religious convictions, and large and wise charity. He was for many years a member of Calvary Church, and one of its vestry during the rectorship of Dr. Hawks, with whom he was on terms of close, personal intimacy.

Health Department.

HOTEL LIFE AND HEALTH.

"BURLEIGH," of the *Boston Journal*, gives the following suggestive illustration of rational hotel life, the rare exception to the general rule:

"I was talking with a gentleman, the other day, who has spent nearly thirty years at a hotel in New York, hale, hearty, vigorous, outliving by a decade his associates in hotel life. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have outlived all my companions. Most of them were younger than myself, and gave promise of a much longer life. Their style of living ruined them. The bill of fare was large and generous. They paid for what was in it; why not eat it? They began with soup, and ended with nuts and raisins. Their diet palled on their palate. Vigorous condiments were added to give their food relish. Copious draughts of liquor were enjoyed. They lived a fast life, and had a fast life's reward. My style of living is entirely different. I regarded the hotel as my home, where I was to live for years. The spread was affluent, but my living was simple. I changed my soup daily. I confined myself to one style of meat, and changed it every day. The dessert was varied enough to give me seven new courses a week. Sometimes I had coffee, sometimes tea, sometimes milk, and then occasionally water. My associates were always

ailing, always in need of the doctor. The hotel's physician made me a friendly call occasionally; I have not sent for him in twenty-five years. I have seen many a man eat himself out of house and home. I have followed many an associate to the grave who died from over-eating and a bad digestion. I am here, hale and hearty, with a decade longer to live."

"BUNDLING" CHILDREN'S NECKS.

MOTHERS often tie tippets and other heating clothes around the necks of their children, even in warm weather, to keep them from taking cold. This is not a good practice. Keep the hands, legs and arms as warm as you like, but do not overheat the neck. The president of one of the largest life insurance companies recently told a gentleman whose life was insured in his company, and whom he saw with his neck tied up so closely, that it was not a wholesome thing to do. "Take off your wrapper," said he, "and let the fresh air get close to your throat continually, and you will live the longer for it." If you are subject to colds, coughs and throat affections, bathe your neck in cold water and rub it vigorously. No part of the body requires less clothing than the throat. Mothers take this hint, and act upon it wisely with reference to your children.

Notes and Comments.

The Kitchen-Garden.

NOT a plot of ground fenced in, and provided with rows of festooned bean-poles, beds of strawberries and hills of cucumbers, by the side of some great, roomy farm-house, any more than a kindergarten is a sunny expanse of fragrant flowers, among which happy children play. No, the former bears the same relation to domestic education that the latter does to that of books.

"The Kitchen-garden," we learn from the *Worcester Spy*, was first established in New York City, by Miss Huntingdon, an active worker in the mission to the poor. She says that she spent hours of thought by day and night trying to devise some means by which the drudgery of the toiling children might be lightened, and they come to like the work that then filled them with weariness and disgust. The problem for her was how to teach the mass of children to put courage into their drudgery.

A kindergarten solved the problem for her. Instead of blocks, and balls, and colored paper, there should be brooms, and dust-pans, and little beds; and instead of lessons in geometry, there should be object lessons in household work, given on the Froebel method, with music and songs. She tried her plan with such success that she prepared a book with the music, the lessons and the household catechism that the children learn, to be

used as a text-book by other teachers; she called her school a kitchen-garden, and her plan has already been adopted by thirteen of the New York churches for their mission-schools. Last summer a Boston lady established schools in that city, at her own expense, and they are now in excellent condition at the Children's Mission and at the North End Mission.

A visit to one of them is very interesting and amusing. The class that the *Spy's* correspondent saw was of twenty-four little colored children, the eldest ten or eleven, perhaps, and even the youngest quite capable of helping a good deal at home. They had four teachers—one who played the piano or organ, one who led the singing, the principal teacher who gave the instruction, and an assistant who was learning the art of teaching. The first lesson was bed-making. On the long tables, with twelve children at each, were toy beds—steads about two feet long, each with a mattress, two sheets, two blankets, one spread, a bolster, two pillows, with pillow and sheet shams. The children marched in to gay music, and before they began their lesson they sang together the bed-making song:

"When you wake in the morning,
At the day dawning,
Throw off the bedding and let it all air;
Then shake up the pillows,
In waves and in billows,
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair.

"For beds made in a hurry,
A fret and a worry,
Are always unhealthful and musty, 'tis sure;
But left for airing,
Pains-taking and caring,
And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure.

"The rules for bed-making,
If ever forsaking,
You list to the careless and hurry them through,
They'll soon grow so matted,
So hard and so flatted,
You'll wish you had listened and kept them quite new."

The beds are already made, and the first thing the children do is to prepare them for sleeping. Working together and keeping time to music, they take off the pillows and shams, turn back the spread, turn down the other clothes, and make the bed ready for its occupants. Then they take off the clothes, putting them on two chairs to air, turn the mattress over and round, and make the bed scientifically. The rules are to make it *level, square and smooth*, and they are taught how to do this. The children are not allowed to take a lesson unless or until their heads, faces and hands are perfectly clean, and this rule has been so thoroughly enforced that the little bed-clothes, which have been in use since June, are still unsoiled and look as if they had just been done up. The questions and explanations take some time, and make a variety in the lesson.

Then came a washing-lesson. Each child got her toy-tub, in which was a bag of clothes, table and body linen, coarse towels and colored stockings, a wash-board and a bag of clothes-pins. No water is used; but the clothes are carefully sorted, the fine ones washed, or apparently washed, without the board, then the coarser ones, and so to the end, the proper twist in hand-wringing being insisted on; then the clothes are properly hung upon a line. A sweeping-lesson is conducted in the same thorough way, each child having a broom, a brush, a feather duster, a cloth, a dust-pan and a small broom. Of course there is no limit to the lessons that can be given in this way. Miss Huntington's book has the songs and music for all these mentioned, for setting tables and folding table-linen, for dish-washing, and for simple lessons in moulding butter-pats, biscuits, etc., and for rolling out cookies.

The kitchen-garden is intended to be a sort of preparatory or primary school, fitting the pupils for a cooking school, or other advanced course of household education. The children have great fun doing all these things, and it seems that they really learn a good deal, and even the little ones like to practice at home, as far as they can, the lessons learned and the songs sung at school. The improvement in families at the North End is said to be noticeable since the children learned to make beds, set tables and sweep. The compulsory cleanliness is a great thing; the fun of it is a good thing; but the ladies who work for the kitchen-garden think of it and believe in it as something which will give the children some interest, home pleasures and some ambition.

The kitchen-garden, to us, seems a capital idea. A child so taught can scarcely grow up with the notion that household tasks are drudgery—in fact, so far as our observation extends, we think that in a great majority of cases, whenever a girl does

think so, she has been familiar with bad, shiftless, improvident housekeeping at home, and knows nothing about the scientific and artistic aspect of domestic economy.

In this connection, we would like to suggest to mothers and elder sisters that they may advantageously use the little ones' toys in a manner similar to that indicated above, and teach their charges many a useful lesson in their play, the children meanwhile being scarcely aware that the element of work is at all mixed with their pursuits. Surely, there is scarcely a little girl who would not be glad to know the right way, out of so many wrong ways, of washing her dolly's dishes, and making her dolly's bed, to say nothing of the pleasure and profit to be derived by the small young lady from learning properly to cut and make her dolly's garments.

The Art Interchange.

THIS admirable "Household Journal," which is published in New York City every other week at \$1.50 a year, is the natural outgrowth and expression of that new interest in household and decorative art which was awakened in this country by the International Exhibition in 1876. It is now in its fourth volume, and has continued to improve and increase in value and interest with every number since the first issue. Every lady who can afford the small subscription price should take the *Art Interchange*. She will find it replete with suggestion and information on all matters of household and needlework ornamentations, and on art-methods, bric-a-brac and fine art criticism. The publication office is at 140 Nassau Street, New York.

Indians in Decorative Art.

"THE pretty baskets made by the Indians at Mt. Desert," says the *Art Interchange*, "are becoming yearly more popular and reappear in a hundred homes when winter has banished all the memories of that much beloved resort. During the season just passed, some clever lady suggested to the dusky artificers of the camp along the coast of Frenchman's Bay, the idea of copying the coloring and design of a bandanna handkerchief, which was promptly and successfully done. The waste-paper baskets wrought in this fashion are particularly brilliant in effect when lined with bits of Turkey-red, of old-gold stuff, or of Cardinal Lurah, and jauntily bedight with satin bows to match."

"Health and Life."

THIS is the title of a new and handsomely-printed quarterly journal, the first number of which has just been issued by Drs. Starkey & Palen of this city. It is to be a "Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment," and a medium through which the public may gain larger and more explicit information in regard to this new development of curative force, the surprising results of which are awakening a wide-spread interest. The first number of *Health and Life* contains a carefully-written answer to the

question, "What is Compound Oxygen, and how does it Cure?" in which the scientific basis and therapeutical action of this new agent are familiarly explained, so that any reader of ordinary intelligence can understand them. The cases and cures published in this number are certainly of a most remarkable character, and fully justify the doctors in their assertion that "There cannot be found in the journals of any school of medicine a record of more brilliant cures."

Health and Life is intended for free circulation, and a copy of this first number will be mailed to any one who writes for it. The doctors' address can be found on the fourth cover page of HOME MAGAZINE.

"Avarice and Love."

OUR frontispiece gives an engraved copy of a picture by a Munich artist—L. Löffiz. Speaking of this picture, *The Magazine of Art* says: "Nothing could be finer than the head of the old man, who gloats over his golden pieces, or sweeter than the face of his lovely daughter, as it sparkles up archly in the presence of her lover. The picture may be regarded as a fair example of the capacity the Munich school in *genre* of the higher kind. Although the old man is avaricious, his avarice is dominated by a stronger passion—that of love for his daughter. The two have had a long chat about the young clerk before he entered, and her winning ways and sparkling eyes have made the old man relent. It is this delightful change that we see her telegraphing to her lover by means of the flower in her hand; and we feel, as we gaze on the picture, that all will end well, and that Avarice will own willing obedience to Love. Let us wish the lovers happiness, and trust that their mutual confidence through life may always be as cordial as now."

Words of Encouragement.

THESE are always pleasant and helpful, and inspire to new efforts. This year our letters are full of such words; and we have the most gratifying assurances that the HOME MAGAZINE is gaining a deeper and still deeper hold upon the hearts and confidence of the people. A lady in sending an article for publication, says: "I must add a word about the HOME MAGAZINE. The more I see it, the more I am charmed with it. It is emphatically a home magazine, and has a place which no other can fill. I wish its pure precepts and practical suggestions might go to every home in the land. Although I have only read it for a few months, it comes to my lonely invalid's corner, like the visits of an old and valued friend."

A NOVEL system of insurance for girls has existed for several generations among the Danish nobility of Copenhagen. A nobleman, upon the birth of a daughter, enrolls her name with the insurance society, paying at the time a fee, and subsequently an annual sum, until she reaches twenty-one. She then becomes entitled to a fixed income from the society, and to apartments in the large building of the association, which is surrounded by gardens and a park. Should her father die in her childhood, she may immediately occupy the apartments. Should she die or marry, the income and the right to entail the home both lapse.

"The person who has been once intoxicated," says Dr. Crothers, "is always threatened with inebriety, and, no matter what his will-power may be, is less safe from future attacks than the person who has never drank."

Publishers' Department.

THE PUBLISHER OF THE CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

Gives, in that paper, the following unsolicited testimonial, which speaks for itself:

Office of The Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Jan. 10, 1880.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Gentlemen—It is contrary to my rules to give certificates to the many healing remedies that are advertised, but my experience with "Compound Oxygen" has been such that I feel it my duty to recommend it to all my acquaintances suffering from overwork and a tendency to pulmonary trouble. In October, 1878, I was in very poor health. My system had been much overtaxed, and a cold contracted in the spring seemed to have taken permanent hold on my lungs. I had had several slight hemorrhages, was troubled with a cough and was much reduced in flesh. *I was discouraged, and my family alarmed at my condition.* A friend in Boston sent my wife one of your little books, strongly recommending your remedy. I was besought to order the Home Treatment, and did so. I followed instructions faithfully, and in three months was a new man. My troubles had almost entirely disappeared. The improvement had been quiet, but certain and sure from the time I first began its use. I feel very grateful to you for it, and wish that I could persuade all suffering in a similar way to perseveringly use your very simple and effective remedy. Business is very confining and exacting, and when I take cold and feel myself running down, I resort to Compound Oxygen, and it is always prompt in its results. I feel like commending it to all. It is not a kill-or-cure remedy. If it does not cure, it surely does not injure.

Yours truly, WM. PENN NIXON.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Action and Results, sent free. Address DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—This work is before us, and those who send five cents to JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y., for it will be disappointed. Instead of getting a cheap thing, as the price would seem to indicate, they will receive a very handsome work of one hundred pages, and perhaps five hundred illustrations—not cheap, but elegant illustrations, on the very best of calendered paper, and as a set-off to the whole, an elegant Colored Plate that we would judge cost twice the price of the book.

CASTORIA IS PLEASANT TO TAKE, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No SOUR-CURD or Wind-colic; no FEVERISHNESS or Diarrhea; no Congestion or WORMS, and no CROSS CHILDREN or WORN-OUT MOTHERS where CASTORIA is used.